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## STRENGTH IN ADVERSITY.

BY ANDREW DICKINSON.

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

PILGRIM on life's rugged road,  
Tearful, fainting 'neath thy load,  
On thy Lord thy burden roll;  
He with strength renews thy soul:  
Hath not Jesus said to thee,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

In the bitterness of grief,  
Though thy prayer find no relief;  
Bowed, forsaken, and forlorn,  
Though thy sighs prevent the morn,  
Tarrying long, he comes at length,  
To revive thy fainting strength!

Though thy Saviour long forbear,  
He will hear his people's prayer!  
What though He, when sorrowing sought,  
Make as though he heard thee not?  
Watch, and without ceasing pray,  
That thy strength be as thy day.

When temptation cometh in,  
With a surging flood of sin,  
And the burning billows swell  
From the lowest depths of hell;  
O my Saviour! say to me,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Some, distrustful of their Lord,  
Fear to lean upon his Word;  
One day, by the hand of Saul,  
They are fearful they shall fall!  
Still that word is sweet to me,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

What though his approach be late?  
It is good on God to wait:  
He will prove his promise true,  
By his gifts, not small, nor few;  
His salvation thou shalt see,  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be."

When wild winds thy vessel sweep  
O'er the dreary, boisterous deep,  
And thy prostrate strength shall fail  
As she drives before the gale,  
Then cry mightily, and say,  
"Let my strength be as my day!"

Dark may be the midnight hour,  
With Death's shadow covered o'er;  
Yet, how drear so e'er the night,  
God hath said, "Let there be light!"  
Jesus can, if thou wilt pray,  
Turn thy darkness into day.

Art thou tempted oft to say,  
God with thorns hath hedged my way!  
Dost thou sit alone and weep,  
Doth thy heart sad vigils keep?  
Weeping may endure a night;  
Joy shall come with morning light.

As Thy people once were fed,  
With the heaven-descended bread,

Feed me thus in righteousness  
In life's howling wilderness;  
And, when fainting by the way,  
Let my strength be as my day.

O thou comfortless and tost,  
In thy Lord and Saviour trust!  
Lo! the dayspring from on high  
Speaks thy great Deliverer nigh!  
Leave thy fatherless to me;  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

Oh! when Death with iron blow,  
Strikes some dearly loved one low,  
Vale of Shadows! though Despair  
Walk in awful silence there;  
Light in darkness thou may'st see;  
"As thy day, thy strength shall be!"

## THE RIVER OF LIFE.

WHERE floweth that full stream of life?  
Tell us, that so our weary feet,  
Turned from life's pleasures, pains and strife,  
May by its tide find rest complete;

Rest for the aching heart of grief,  
Rest for the throbbing brow of pain,  
From hopes that fade as fades the leaf  
Beneath the autumn's chilling rain.

And on that brink may sorrow die,  
And sin forget its dark dismay,  
Knowing those waters passing by,  
Through fields of heavenly verdure stray.

Thou Angel, who for man of old  
The spring of healing waters stirred,  
Lead us where ceaselessly hath rolled  
The flood whose voice no man hath heard.

O river, making glad the land  
By angel feet in glory trod,  
Bear us, still guided by His hand,  
To the fair city of our God!

## PETRARCH'S SIXTIETH SONNET.

I AM so weary with the burden old  
Of foregone thoughts and powers of custom  
base,  
That much I fear to perish from the ways  
And fall into mine enemy's grim hold.  
A mighty friend to free me, though self-sold,  
Came of His own ineffable high grace,  
Then went, and from my vision took His face.  
Him now in vain I weary to behold,  
But still his voice seems echoing below:—  
"O ye that labor, see! here is the gate!  
Come unto me,—the way all open lies!"  
What heavenly grace will—what love—or  
what fate—  
The glad wings of a dove on me bestow,  
That I may rest, and from the earth arise.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## SHAKESPEARE'S FUNERAL.

*Place.* — STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *Time.* — THE 25TH OF APRIL 1616.SCENE I. — *The Taproom of the Falcon Tavern in the High Street, kept by Eleanor Comyng.*

HOSTESS and SLY.

*Hostess.* Kit Sly, Kit Sly, dost thou hear? There be guests alighting in the yard; run thou and help Robin ostler hold their stirrups, and so do somewhat for the ale thou ne'er pay'st for.

*Sly.* If I do, wilt thou let this one day slip without rating and prating of thy score that I owe thee?

*Hostess.* Yea, good Kit, if thou run quickly.

*Sly.* But wilt thou bid Francis draw me what ale I may chance call for?

*Hostess.* Nay, that will I not, or thou wouldst empty my great tun. Thou wouldst serve me as thou didst the ale-wife of Wincot,\* who says, poor soul, that she ne'er had cask in cellar these twelve years but thou wert more fatal to it than a leaking tap. By these ears, I heard her say so when the deputy's men were seizing her goods. Thou shalt not cozen me as thou didst Marian.

*Sly.* Hold stirrup thyself, then. I'll not budge. I'll to sleep again by the chimney till it please God send me drink.

*Enter* DRAYTON† (*the poet*) and YOUNG RALEIGH‡ (*son of Sir Walter*).

*Drayton.* Sly, said she! Didst thou not hear, Walter, yon valet's name? but 'twas scarce needful. The sodden face, the shaken nether lip, the eye watery and impudent, the paunch ale-swelled, the doublet liquor-stained, the hat crushed from being much slept in, the apparel ruinous, because the tapster intercepts the fee that should be the tailor's and the cob-

\* "Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not," says Kit Sly in the "Taming of the Shrew." Wincot is a village about three miles from Stratford.

† Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire poet of great repute in his day, was about a year older than Shakespeare, and had known him long and familiarly.

‡ Young Walter Raleigh was Sir Walter's eldest son, and was now twenty-two years old. He accompanied his father, soon after, to South America, as commander of one of the companies that formed the military part of the expedition, to prepare for which was the express condition on which Sir Walter was released from the Tower in January 1616.

bler's — hath not the master, without cataloguing one of these things, implied all, in half-a-score of pregnant words, for all the future? What a skill is that can make a poor sot immortal!

*Sly.* Sot, saidst thou! — but I care not. Will ye stand me, gentles, in a pot of ale?

*Raleigh.* Wilt thou answer, then, a few questions I would put to thee?

*Sly.* Ay — but the ale first; and be brief; I love not much question. Say on, and let the world slide.

*Raleigh.* A pot of ale, drawer, for this worthy man. And now tell me, Sly, is't not thy custom to use that phrase "let the world slide"?\*

*Sly.* It may well be; 'tis a maxim I love; 'tis a cure for much. I am cold — let the world slide, for anon I shall be warmer. I am dry — let the world slide, for time will bring ale. I sit, pottle-pot in hand, i' the chimney-nook — let the world slide while I taste it.

*Drayton.* 'Tis a pretty philosophy, and might serve for greater uses. But, for a further question — Wert thou acquainted with old John Naps of Greece?†

*Sly.* John Naps, quotha! what, old John! by Jeronimy, I knew him many a year, mended his pots and helped him empty them. 'A had been a sailor, or to say pirate would be to shoot nearer the clout; when sober his fashion was to say nought, but when drunk his talk was of the things 'a had seen in Greece — where-by they called him Naps of Greece.

*Drayton.* And didst thou know, too, Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell?

*Sly.* Yea, as this pot handle knows these fingers. For Turf, he was deputy-sexton of Wincot, and indeed digged Naps' grave, and was found lying drunk therein, with his spade beside him, at the hour of burial. For Pimpernell, 'twas a half-witted companion, but his grandam kept money in 's purse, and 'a served to pay scores, and 'a could join in a catch on

\* A phrase much affected by Sly the Tinker in the prelude to the "Taming of the Shrew."

† One of Sly's acquaintances at Wincot.

"Stephen Sly, and Old John Naps of Greece, And Peter Turf and Henry Pimpernell." "Taming of the Shrew."

A manuscript memorandum, in which Stephen Sly is mentioned, written at Stratford in 1614, is still extant.

occasion, thof 'a had but a small, cracked voice, and mostly sung his part to psalm-tunes. And, now, masters, a question to ye — an ye answer not, faith I care not — but how should such as ye know Naps and the others ?

*Drayton.* They have been recorded, and thou too, in what will outlast your epitaphs. Doubtless thou hast heard of Master William Shakespeare of New Place.\*

*Sly.* Heard of him, said he ! Ay, and seen him and talked with him both here and at Wincot when he came thither to his kinsfolk.† By this malt-juice, a merry gentleman, and a free — 'a should have been a lord, for, look you, to bestow liquor on the thirsty is a lordly fashion, and I have owed him many a skinful. Marry, that tap's dry now.

*Drayton.* What, knave, hath he found at last that it is more virtuous to forget thee than to countenance thee ?

*Sly.* Nay, I will say nought in his dispraise ; 'a was good to me, and hath oft spoke with me, and I'll ne'er deny it now's dead and gone. Mayhap ye have come to the burial ?

*Drayton.* Dead !

*Raleigh.* Master Shakespeare dead !

*Hostess.* Oh, masters, he hath spoke the truth, tho' he be no true man ; by these tears, he hath. Master Shakespeare parted 'o Tuesday, and he will be buried this dientical day ; the coffin will be brought forth of New Place upon the stroke of two. I have talked with the bearers, and all.

*Raleigh.* Thus perish the hopes which drew me to Stratford. I thought to look on the foremost poet of the world — to hear his voice — perchance to be honoured with some discourse of him — and now I shall look but on his coffin. Oh, Master Drayton !

*Drayton.* We looked not, indeed, for this. 'Tis as if the sun were drawn from the firmament, and had left us to perpetual

twilight. The radiant intellect is gone, and hath left but its pale reflection in his works — tho' these shall be immortal. Methinks, in future, the sky will be less blue, the air less warm, the flowers less gay ; for I honoured this man more than any, and whate'er I essayed to do 'twas with a secret thought of his judgment over me, as if he had been the conscience of mine intellect.

*Hostess.* Ye look pale — a cup of sack, sweet sirs ; for, ye know, a cheerful cup the heart bears up.

*Drayton.* Nay, woman, nay.

*Hostess.* 'Tis of the best, I warrant you ; 'tis from the stores of Master Quiney — him that hath married Master Shakespeare's daughter Judith, and he deals in none but the best.

*Drayton.* 'Tis not sack that will help us. But canst thou tell us, good hostess, aught concerning his end ?

*Hostess.* Yea, well-a-day, that can I, for 'twas Gossip Joan Tisick who goeth out nursing, the same your workshops, that brought young Elizabeth Hall, his grandchild, into the world, that was sent for to him when 'twas seen which way 'a was likely to go ; whereby, she told me thereof yesternight over a cup of ale and sugar with a toasted crab in 't — for, said she, there's none in Stratford, Mistress Comyng, that Master Shakespeare thought more on than you. The doctor, Master Hall, says to her, "Have a care, Joan, of my father-in-law Shakespeare, says he ; for 'tis a parlous case, says he ; we be all mortal, says he — and the breath goeth when it listeth — therefore keep thou the better watch, for 'tis a man we could ill spare." "Fear not, Master Hall," quoth Joan, "I'll tend him an 'twere his mother." So, o' Tuesday night he said he felt easier, and he bid Mistress Hall and the Doctor that they should leave him and take good rest. And 'a says to Joan, "Art drowsy, good Joan ?" Whereupon she made answer "A little ; for I have been up," saith she, "all last night at a labour with Mistress Coney her thirteenth child." "Ay," quoth he, "in thy calling thou seest both ends of life ; well, thou shalt sleep to-night, and all night if thou wilt." "Nay, sir," saith Joan, "not so ; but your

\* New Place was a large house, with garden attached, in the town of Stratford — built by Sir Hugh Clopton in Henry VII.'s time, and purchased by Shakespeare in 1597.

† The Ardens, Shakespeare's relations by the mother's side, lived in the parish of Wincot.



worship being of so good cheer to-night, mayhap if I take a short nap 'twill do no harm." "If thou take a long one, good Joan," said Master Shakespeare, "it matters not, for, I warrant you, I shall take a longer." "It doth me good to hear your worship speak so," says Joan, "for sleep well is keep well, and a night's rest physic's best"—and so tucks up the bed-clothes, and draws the hangings, and leaves him as 'a was closing his eyes. Well, sweet sirs, all the night he lay quiet, and with the dawn Joan peeps me in through the curtains, and there he lay, quiet and smiling—and as the sun rose she peeps me in again and he was still quiet and smiling—and she touched his forehead;—and he had been lying for hours (so the doctor said when Joan called him) as dead as his grandam.

*Drayton.* 'Twas, then, with good heart that this great soul passed to what himself hath called the undiscovered country: of whose inhabitants he must sure take his place among the most illustrious. Thou art sad, Walter—this grief touches thee, and, sooth, it becomes thee well. It bespeaks thy youth generous; 'tis an assurance that thou hast thy father's spirit, who, great himself, owns near kinship with greatness, and will sorrow for Shakespeare as for a brother.

*Raleigh.* 'Twas my father's wish, when he knew I was to be thy guest in Warwickshire, that I should pay my duty to Master Shakespeare, for, said he, there is no worthier thing in life, than to take note of the greatest of thy companions in earth's pilgrimage; in them thou seest the quintessence of man's spirit, cleared of the muddy vapours which make common humanity so base and foolish: and this man is of the greatest, a companion indeed for princes, nay, himself a king, whose kingdom is of the imagination, and therefore boundless. Tell him, Walter, said my father, that in my long captivity \* I have oft remembered our pleasant encounters at the Mermaid; † tell him, too, that I have

solaced mine enforced solitude in the Tower with studying all of his works that have been given to us; and entreat him, in my name, not to leave those plays of his to the chances of the world, as fathers leave their misbegotten children, but to make them truly the heirs of his invention, and to spend on them that paternal care which shall prove them worthy of their source.

*Hostess.* Please you come in here to the Dolphin chamber, where Master Shakespeare loved to sit.

*Raleigh.* Well—now we are in it, I find it convenient and well-lighted; and yet methinks 'tis but a small one.

*Drayton.* Ay, but seest thou that, through the door, one that sits here can mark the whole company of ale-drinkers in the tap-room without, and therefore Shakespeare loved it; here would he sit and note the humours of such guests as yonder Sly. For in such, he would say, you see humanity with its vizard off; and he held that nurture, though it oft cherishes a good apprehension, yet as oft doth overlay and smother it. He hath said to me, pointing to the company without, "If you find wit here 'tis the bird's own feather, and no borrowed plume; if you see courtesy 'tis inborn, and will bear the rub; if you note a quaint humour 'tis in the man by the grace of God or the force of circumstance, your weaver or your tinker, whatsoever other gift he hath, hath not the skill to counterfeit, for that comes by art, and leisure, and commerce with men of condition, and desire of their good opinion; wherefore methinks I oft see deeper through your leathern jerkin than your satin doublet."

*Hostess.* Yea, here would 'a come many a time and oft, with Master Ben, that was full of quips as as egg of meat. "Mistress Quickly!" Ben would say (for so 'a called me, I know not wherefore), "set us in the Dolphin chamber; \* and let us have a sea-coal fire," 'a would say—"and I will drink none if thou give me not a parcel-gilt goblet," whereby Master

\* The twelve years' imprisonment in the Tower to which James I. had consigned him.

† The Mermaid was a tavern in London where Sir Walter had established, before his imprisonment, a

club, of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher and others were members.

\* For the allusions here made by Master Ben, see the "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act ii. sc. 1.

Shakespeare would cast at him out of 's eye a merry glint. "Hast thou thy plate yet?" Master Ben would ask me, "and the tapestry of thy dining chambers? Come, let us have Doll Tearsheet meet us at supper." "O Lord, sir," would I say, "I know no Dolls nor Tearsheets neither;" but 'twas a merry man, I warrant you, tho' I did never know what his meaning was.

*Drayton.* These memories of thine breed but sad mirth in me now.

*Hostess.* Well-a-day, if there be not Sir Thomas and Master Thynne, rid from Charlecote,\* and alighting. By your leave, kind sirs, I will go receive them.

[*She goes out.*]

*Drayton.* Dear Walter, this stroke is so sudden that it bewilders me; methinks I am dreaming; I discourse, remember, reason, and so forth, and yet my brain all the while wrapt as in a cerement. Coming here with my thoughts full of him, sitting in this room where he and I have sat so oft, what could seem less strange than that he could enter and greet me; and yet a little word hath made me know that to be impossible for all time.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, amidst my own pain I remember how you have been familiar with that divinest man, and must feel a far deeper sorrow than myself, that know him but in the picture my imagination hath formed; and I perceive by the blank made in mine own present, what a void must be left in yours. Would you have us quit Stratford forthwith?

*Drayton.* Nay, by no means; let us rather give our sorrow somewhat to feed on; let us fill it with the sad memories that abound here. For, to me, everything in Stratford speaks of Shakespeare; 'twas here he lived while that unmatched apprehension was most waxlike to receive impressions, when wonder and observation were quickest in him; and 'twas here he began to fill a storehouse from whence to draw at will. For his manner was always to build on a ground of fact, or, rather, to sow fact like a seed, and let it strike in that rich soil till oftentimes none but himself could tell (even if himself could) what the ripened fruit had sprung from. Sometimes he would limn a man in brief as he saw him, and, again, he would so play with his first notion, dressing it and transforming it, yet ever working even as nature works, that the citizen of Stratford or Warwick would grow

into a Roman or ancient Briton, a lover or a king, a conspirator or a jester, compounded part of fact, part of fancy, yet would the morsel of fact leaven the whole with truth.

*Raleigh.* Was this Sir Thomas Lucy he whom the world calls Justice Shallow?

*Drayton.* Nay, he hath been dead these many years — this is his son; but the companion that's with him thou mayst chance to have heard of.

*Enter SIR THOMAS LUCY and MASTER THYNNE, in mourning habits.*

*Hostess.* Wilt please you walk this way, Sir Thomas? This chamber is warmer, and the day is fresh. There be here, sirs, none but these two gentlemen.

*Sir Thomas.* Master Drayton, as I remember me. You are of our county of Warwickshire, I think, sir?

*Drayton.* I am so, Sir Thomas, at your service. Give me leave to bring you acquainted with my friend and comrade in travel, Master Walter Raleigh.

*Sir Thomas.* I salute you, sir. Of the Raleighs of Devonshire, mayhap?

*Raleigh.* The same, Sir Thomas.

*Sir Thomas.* An honourable family, sir, and one that hath borne itself among the best these many reigns past. You quarter the arms of Throckmorton, as I think, sir — you bear gules, five fusils, in bend argent, and your cognizance a stag; or is't a martlet?

*Raleigh.* I knew not we, being but simple gentlemen, and out of favour, were of that mark that our quarterings should be thus well known.

*Sir Thomas.* I am something of a herald, I would have you know, sir. Methinks 'twere well that men of quality were familiar each with the pretensions of all the rest, making as 'twere one family in condition: thus should we at once know who are of the better, who of the baser sort. And so, sir, of the leisure I spare from mine office as justice of the peace, and from mine own concerns, I give somewhat to heraldry.

*Drayton.* I perceive by the sad hue of your garments that you design to be present at Master Shakespeare's funeral.

*Sir Thomas.* Ay, sir. His son-in-law, Doctor Hall, is our physician at Charlecote, and I have had dealings with himself, and held him in esteem.

*Raleigh.* 'Tis as it should be — the whole world should honour such worth as his.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, good sir, I go not so far with you: though he were indeed

\* Charlecote, still the family seat of the Lucys, is some four miles from Stratford.

so honourable that his neighbours, even of condition, may well accord him a last show of respect.

*Drayton.* I am glad that the old grudge between Master Shakespeare and Sir Thomas your father holds not in this generation.

*Sir Thomas.* Why, for that, Master Drayton, in respect of the deer-stealing, 'twas not such a matter as is ne'er to be forgiven nor forgotten; he was but a youth then, and he suffered for't; and, for the scurril ballad concerning which the rumor went 'twas writ by Shakespeare, why, 'twas none of his.

*Drayton.* I'll be sworn 'twas not. Know we not the hand of the master better than to take such 'prentice-stuff for his? As well affirm that a daw's feather may drop from an eagle.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, sir, I have better assurance; he himself, of his own motion, told my father (and hath repeated it to myself) that he ne'er wrote it.

*Drayton.* He hath told me the same — and for the plays —

*Sir Thomas.* For the plays wherein 'twas said he drew my father, 'twas idle gossip. How should a Gloucestershire justice, one Shallow (for such I am told is what passes for the portrait), represent Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote in Warwickshire?

*Thynne.* 'Twas said, too, that he had set me down along with mine uncle. By the mass! I should not care though it had been so; for I saw the play\* once in London, and Master Slender was a gentleman, and an esquire, and of good means, though the people did laugh, I know not why, at some of his discourse. But he and the rest lived in Harry Fourth's time, 'twas said; and how could I live in Harry Fourth's time that go not back beyond Elizabeth? though the Thynnes were well thought on afore that, look you.

*Sir Thomas.* Well, sir, I have ne'er seen the play, and love not players. I ever noted that when they came to Stratford there was new business for the justices. The idle sort grew idler—they drew others on to join them that would else have been better conducted—there was less work, more drink, and more disorder. I could never away with the players, sir; and I was heartily with those who were for inhibiting their theatre in Stratford.

*Thynne.* And I too, Cousin Lucy, I care

not for the play, though, good sooth, I liked it well enough. But give me for sport a stage with two good backsword or quarter-staff men; or a greased pole with a Gloucester cheese atop; or a bull-running: but of all sport, by the mass! I love the bear-garden—man and boy, I ever loved it; 'tis the rarest sport, in good sooth, now.

*Drayton.* Methought, Sir Thomas, when you talked of honouring my dear friend, 'twas for his works.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, sir, I make no account of his works, and, indeed, know nought of them. He has won a good station, and maintained it, and therefore he should have his due.

*Drayton.* For his descent, that, as all men know, was not above humble citizen's degree.

*Sir Thomas.* His mother was an Arden; and his father was granted a coat of arms by the College, a spear or, upon a bend sable, in a field of gold—the crest, a falcon with his wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear; and he might impale with Arden. And the gentleman himself hath for years been of good havings, with lands and houses, and of good repute in all his dealings; therefore, say I, that we who be neighbours and gentlemen, should have him in respect.

*Thynne.* Yea, forsooth! gentlemen should give to other gentlemen (thof they be new-made and quarter not) what countenance they may, for their better advantage, and to maintain them in consideration, look you, and to prosper them; and therefore 'tis we come to make two at the burial.

*Raleigh.* O ye gods! this of him that conceived Lear and Othello! Sirs, with your leave we will now bid you farewell.

*Sir Thomas.* Nay, I pray you that we part not so. I beseech you, Master Raleigh, and you, Master Drayton, that you lie this night at Charlecote. I would have you home to supper, and thank you, too, for your good company.

*Thynne.* And I, sirs, have a poor house of mine own within these dozen miles, and thof I be not a knight like my cousin Lucy here, yet I can lodge a guest as well as some; now that my mother be dead, I live as befits a gentleman, good sooth, and I would bid you welcome truly, now, and show you a mastiff that hath lost an eye by a bear.

*Drayton.* Sir, I thank you. For your good kindness, Sir Thomas, we are beholden to you; but, pray you, let us stand

\* "Merry Wives of Windsor."

excused. Master Raleigh hath business that —

*Raleigh.* Nay, Master Drayton, that business we had is sadly ended, and our whole journey marred. With your good leave, therefore, I would rejoice that we should take Sir Thomas at his word.

*Sir Thomas.* By my troth, sirs, I am glad on't, and you shall be heartily welcome. We'll e'en meet here at four o' the clock, and ye shall find wherewithal to bear you and your mails to Charlecote.

*Raleigh.* Till then, farewell. (*To Drayton as they go out.*) Seest thou not, Master Michael, that to sit in Master Shallow's house, perchance in his very arbour\* — to eat a pipkin, maybe, of his own grafting — to look on his effigy, clad as he went to the Court with Falstaff — were a chance that would lead me to journey barefoot in the snow to Charlecote? For being here in the birthplace (alas! now the death-place) of him I so revered, what better tribute can I pay (now that nought but his memory is left for our worship) than, even as thou saidst but now, to trace the begettings of those bright fancies which he hath embalmed for ever?

*Drayton.* You look on these things, Walter, as I would have you look; a true disciple art thou of him whom we shall always love and always mourn, and gladly will I go with thee to Charlecote. And now, ere we stand by that greedy grave that is presently to swallow so huge a part of what is precious in England, we will see to that other business of thine, the raising of money for thee. 'Tis but a step, as I remember, to Master Sherlock's house. Now I pray thee mark that old man well — and if we deal not with him, as is likely, 'tis no matter, for I can take thee elsewhere; but I would thou shouldst see old Master Sherlock.

SCENE II. — *Master Sherlock's counting-house.*  
SHERLOCK sitting at his desk in an inner room.

*Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.*

*Drayton (aside to Raleigh).* Dost thou not spy in him a likeness to an old spider, black, still, and watchful, and in that money-changing den to a cob-web? There be many flies have suffered loss of wings here.

*Raleigh.* How old and bent he looks! and, but that he be a money-lender, I should have deemed him poor.

*Drayton.* Nay, 'tis not a spider of the sleek sort — blood-sucking hath not fattened him as it doth some.

*Raleigh.* His attire doth not bespeak much wealth. That old gown were dear at two shillings, fur trimmings and all; nay, 'twere a fair price even were the velvet cap and copper spectacles thrown into the bargain.

*Drayton.* Soft you, he comes.

*Sherlock.* Sirs, your servant. What would you?

*Drayton.* Marry this, Master Sherlock — me you remember — Michael Drayton — we have had some small dealings together of yore.

*Sherlock.* Ay, sir, I forget none who deal with me.

*Drayton (aside).* Nor they thee, I'll be sworn. (*To Sherlock.*) But thus it is — my friend here, Master Raleigh, hath had a manor in Surrey assigned\* him by his father, Sir Walter, and having pressing need of monies, inasmuch as he hath been appointed captain in a force which will shortly embark for Guiana, whereof Sir Walter is chief commander, he would raise a sum thereon to furnish him forth.

*Sherlock.* Be there none in London that would lend him the monies?

*Drayton.* Certes; but he goeth now into Devonshire, and his need is pressing.

*Sherlock.* His need is pressing — well, sir?

*Drayton.* To which end he would be beholden to you for a present loan.

*Sherlock.* For a present loan — well, sir?

*Drayton (aside to Raleigh).* Mark you his manner of speech? 'twas ever thus with him. (*To Sherlock.*) And for security he hath brought the writings pertaining to the estate; till thou canst prove which to be sufficient, myself will be his surety.

*Raleigh.* These be they.

*Sherlock.* These parchments, these parchments — ay, ay — Manor of West Horsley† — all those messuages and tenements — ay, ay. Well, sir, time is needed to examine these; what monies dost thou require?

*Raleigh.* In brief, four hundred pounds.

*Sherlock.* Four hundred pounds — well?

*Raleigh.* If upon inquiry and advice the security satisfy thee, at what rate of usance wilt thou lend me?

*Sherlock.* Rate of usance? — why, sir, money is hard to come by at this time;

\* An estate in Devonshire, thus assigned to him several years before, had been confiscated by James I.

† Sir Walter's second son afterwards lived here, and his arms long remained (perhaps still remain) on the walls.

\* See "Second Part of King Henry IV.," act v. sc. 3.

we have suffered great fires in our town,\* and money hath been needed for the rebuilding; the rate hath risen of late—and there is talk of war with Spain, which will raise it further. I must myself borrow ere I lend, and must needs pay roundly. I cannot supply you at a less yearly rate than fifteen in the hundred.

*Drayton.* Nay, sir, my friend's need is not so great that he should pay so dearly. He laid his account for ten, and by my counsel he will give no more—for, look you, this is no venture, but a surety.

*Sherlock.* Then, I fear me, we deal not; but I will look into these writings—'tis possible I may be able to lend at fourteen and a half.

*Drayton.* Put up your papers, Walter, we will make other shift. This was but part of our business in Stratford, Master Sherlock; our intent was to visit your most illustrious townsman, and now, woe the day! we hear he is dead.

*Sherlock.* Ay, who may he be?

*Raleigh.* Who but Master Shakespeare, for whose burial you will straightway hear the bell toll.

*Sherlock.* I heard say he was dead.

*Raleigh.* Didst not know him?

*Sherlock.* We had dealings together years ago—ay, he hath had money of me more than once or twice; but he consorted with mine enemy, John-a-Combe,† and we would none of each other after.

*Drayton.* I knew not John-a-Combe was the enemy of any man.

*Sherlock.* He was mine enemy in the sense that he hindered my dealings. This Shakespeare, too, outbid me for the tithes‡ when they were sold. I had been a richer man had he died a dozen years ago. I spend not, therefore, much sorrow on him.

*Raleigh.* Why, this comes nigh to blasphemy—let us be gone.

*Drayton.* Well, God be with you, Master Sherlock,—(aside) though I fear that may hardly be. Come, Walter. But, Master Sherlock, a moment, I pray you; I saw your daughter, Mistress Visor, of late.

*Sherlock.* My daughter, Mistress Visor, ay!

*Drayton.* A woman, sir, that is held in much respect, though not for her worldly means. In truth, she hath but a sorry life of it.

*Sherlock.* She made her own bed when she fled from this house twenty years ago with young Visor. Let her lie on it, and if she find it hard, let her see that she complain not. The curse of disobedience hath been on her.

*Drayton.* Well, sir, she hath paid for that long ago, if misery may pay it. She looks like one that the world hath done its worst on, and is ready to quit it.

*Sherlock.* Sir, sir, I had thought you came here on a business matter. I have somewhat pressing to see to.

*Drayton.* One word, Master Sherlock. Her eldest son, your grandson, is a lad of promise, and for education she hath done what she may for him; but I heard of late that he was driven to hold horses in the market-place, and such chance-shifts, for a bare living.

*Sherlock.* Let his father look to it; he took my daughter—let him look to his son—let him look to his son. (*To Raleigh.*) Will it please you leave the writings?

*Drayton.* Her daughter, near womanhood, is fair to look on, but—

*Sherlock.* Hast thou been set on to this? Your pardon if I quit you.

[Retires into the inner room.]

*Raleigh.* Come, let us away. So, I breathe again, now we are quit of that den. I have heard of such flints, but ne'er saw one till now.

*Drayton.* So thou carest not for his money at fifteen in the hundred?

*Raleigh.* Were't five I would not deal with him. 'Tis a stone, sure, that hath been cut in human shape and possessed by some vile spirit from the nether world. I almost marvel, Master Michael, that thou broughtst me to him.

*Drayton.* Why, was it not of our compact that I should show thee some of the models whence our master drew?

*Raleigh.* Models? how, Sherlock? Yet that name. Soft you, now, soft you! And money-lender, too. And then his daughter—why, Master Michael, 'tis clear as the sun—it runs on all-fours with the devil in the play; and yet, but that thou gav'st me the clue, I might have borrowed money from him twenty years without guessing. Well, this passes!

SCENE III.—*The Churchyard of Stratford. A crowd waiting about the gate.*

*First Woman.* Didst not hear say there would be a dole? I see no signs of it.

*Second Woman.* 'Twas too good to be

\* There had been a conflagration in Stratford in 1614, which had destroyed a great part of the town.

† John-a-Combe was a rich banker in Stratford, and a friend of Shakespeare, to whom he left a small legacy.

‡ Shakespeare invested a considerable sum in a lease of these tithes.



true; comfort is chary of coming to poor folk.

*First Man.* I have been here since one o' the clock, and with a toothache, for which thou seest my face is tied up, and the wind is keen. I had stayed within four walls but for the word that went about of a dole.

*First Woman.* Thou look'st none the comelier, Peter Quince, for the clout about thy yellow chaps, like a blue dish full of butter-milk.

*Second Man.* Thou shouldst have covered the rest of thy face with it, Peter, then wouldst thou have been fairer to look on than e'er thou wert yet.

*Second Woman.* I'll warrant thou eat'st thy share when thou get'st it, crust and all, in despite of thy toothache.

*Peter Quince.* Look if here be not lame Davy, coming for the sharing; how his crutch thumps in 's haste! — do but mark how he outspeeds blind Harry that feebleth his way by the wall.

*Second Man.* Ay, and look, Madge, my buxom lass, at what will please thee better, for here come gentlemen of worship.

*Madge.* The younger is as gallant a youth as e'er I set eyes on.

[*The bell tolls for the funeral.*]

*Enter DRAYTON and RALEIGH.*

*Raleigh.*

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than ye shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled.\*

How strange sound these words of his, with that bell for commentary! How his own phrases rise to the lips!

*Drayton.* Ay, Walter, you shall find but few occasions in life, solemn or merry, regarding which something apt, something that goes deeper than common to the heart of the matter, hath not been said by him that is now silent.

*Raleigh.* One that reads him as a student, and lovingly, as my father from my first youth hath taught me to do, and hath moreover a good memory, shall find in him (my father is wont to say) a rich vocabulary. But mark you the crowd here! 'tis the spontaneous respect of the people for so famous a townsman. Now look I to see (what we have not yet seen) the sorrow of Stratford for the loss of her great son. As the sun lights the hovel no less than the palace, so should his fame reach to, and warm, the poorest here.

*Drayton.* Be not too assured that his

fame is of a kind to be felt by such as these, though were he a commander who had brought home a Spanish galleon, or a courtier who had set the fashions at Whitehall, or a foolish lord with fifty retainers at his back, no cap so greasy but it would cover an idolater. But let us mark what passes 'twixt the townfolk and this old beadle who cometh hither with his older satellite.

*Enter a Beadle and Assistant-Beadle with Servants bearing baskets.*

*Assist.-Beadle.* Neighbours, make way, I pray you; stand aside from the gates.

*Crowd.* The dole, the dole! Good Master Beadle, a word with you — me, sirs, me — look hither, 'tis I, &c.

*First Beadle.* What a consternation is here! Make not such a clamour. We are charged, I and my partner, with the contribution of this dole, and we will contribute it without respect of persons, save that we will give most to those we think most worthy. Stand you back, Quince and Flute.

*Quince.* Yet do not overlook me, good Master Beadle.

*Flute.* Remember me, an't please you, Master Derrick.

*Assist.-Beadle.* Heard you not what Master Derrick said? Would you set yourselves to teach him in this business?

*Beadle.* Ay, would they, such is their vanity and their greediness. It might be thought they had ne'er seen a funeral before. When did any of you know me overlook one that should be remembered? Have I been beadle here forty years for nought?

*Assist.-Beadle.* Ye dare not say he hath for your lives.

*Crowd.* The bread! the bread!

*Beadle.* 'Ods my life, they would tear it out of the baskets, like wolves. Neighbours, though it be customary to give loaves only, yet Master Shakespeare, out of his love for you, and because ye should mourn him fittingly, hath desired that beef should be bestowed along with the bread.

*Several.* Worthy gentleman!

*First Woman.* O, good soul, this shall profit him, sure, where he's gone.

*Second Woman.* Nay, I ever said there were none in Stratford more rememberful of the poor than Master Shakespeare.

*Assist.-Beadle.* Ay, and more than that, there be four firkins of ale to be broached after the burial, behind the church.

*Beadle.* Neighbour Turgis, wilt thou still go about to forestall me? I was

\* The opening lines of Shakespeare's 71st Sonnet.



coming to the ale presently, when time fitted. Do thou stand by the baskets and give out the dole as I shall tell thee. Hast thou the bag of groats ready, too?

*Assist-Beadle.* Yea, Master Derrick.

[*They distribute the provisions and money.*]

*Flute.* Shall I not have a loaf and a groat for my wife? She hath had twins this morning, therefore could not come.

*Old Woman.* Thy wife, forsooth! — my son hath worked at New Place, and helped to mend the fence i' th' garden last winter, and now is he rheumatically and bed-ridden. A dole for him, I pray you, sweet Master Derrick.

*Beadle.* Be not too forward, woman; thou art not too well thought on, I warrant thee.

*Old Woman.* Is acquaintance and service to count for nought? — 'tis a shame, then.

*Beadle.* Quiet thy tongue, mistress; it may be I shall be called on to deal with thee in other fashion than doles. Thou art deputed by many for a witch, let me tell thee; thou art suspect of keeping a toad, and, moreover, 'tis thought thou hast a familiar, one Hopdance.\* (*To another.*) But wherefore hangst thou back, Cicely Hacket,† thou that wast once a maid-servant at New Place? Press nearer, and hold out thine apron.

*Cicely.* Oh, sir, I came not here for the dole, but indeed to see the last of him who hath been ever kind to me and mine.

*Beadle.* The more reason thou shouldst have thy part. Let her do so, Goodman Turgis, for thou knowst that she that humbleth herself should be exhorted; and 'twere not ill, methinks, if thou gav'st her, moreover, a share for her sick mother. (*Calling through the gate to boys in the churchyard.*) Young fry, wilt thou leave leaping over the gravestones? else shall my staff and thy backs be better acquainted. I see thee, young Pickbone, drumming with thine heels on Mistress Keech's epithet; come off the stone, or 'twill be worse for thee, thou naughty varlet — and thy tall slip of a sister, too, I saw her but now up with her coats and over the railing of yonder tomb like any stag.

*Drayton (to Raleigh).* The oldest of these servants that came with the bea-

dles is Shakespeare's own man Adam. I will speak to him. This is a sharp sun-dender for thee, Adam. Leave thy basket. Step aside, and speak with me of thy good master.

*Adam.* O Master Drayton, I looked that he should bury me: would I were with him! Were I young, I could ne'er hope to see such another master; and being old, I have no desire but to follow him.

*Drayton.* Was his sickness sudden?

*Adam.* Nay, sir, — I have foreboded, this many a day, how 'twas with him. He hath pined and dwindled, and then again he hath mended for a while and would walk abroad; and ever with a kind word and a jest, as was his wont. But I found, from day to day, his step slower, his hand heavier on my shoulder, his breath shorter.

*Drayton.* Did himself look for his end?

*Adam.* Ay, sir; but made as though he had a long to-come before him. Four days since ('twas o' Sunday) he said to me, "Adam, I have a fancy about my burial; but say nought of it as yet to my daughter. I have here set down the names of those I desire to bear me to the grave;" which he thereupon read to me, and they are even now in the house, making ready.

*Drayton.* Some of note and condition, mayhap?

*Adam.* Not so, not so, not so, Master Drayton; there art thou wide indeed of the mark. Never trod man among men who looked on gentle and simple with a more equal brotherly eye than Master Shakespeare. A fine coat or a ragged jerkin made no more difference in a man, in his eyes, than whether his hair were black or brown. Nay, strange to tell of a man of his gifts, he seemed oft to find as much matter in a fool as in a wise man; he would take pleasure in discoursing with many a one of this town that simple I would have fubbed off as a lackwit. So he saith to me, "First have I set down, to carry the head of my coffin, Hugh Bardolph and Corporal Nym,"\* poor men, both, Master Drayton. Bardolph, one of many of the name here, was a tapster; Nym, a pensioner of the Earl of Leicester, in whose army he served in the Low Countries, though I did never hear with much credit.

*Raleigh.* Bardolph and Nym! O brave Shakespeare!

*Adam.* "Next," he saith, "I have set down John Rugby and James Gurney,"

\* "Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel!" *Edgar (feigning madness)* in "King Lear."

† Cicely Hacket, described by Sly as "the woman's maid of the house," in the "Taming of the Shrew."

\* See "King Henry V."

ancient serving-men, your worships, and now almsmen.

*Drayton.* Whom in his plays he hath allotted, Rugby to Dr. Caius \* —

*Raleigh.* Gurney to the Lady Falconbridge.†

*Adam.* "After them Thomas Wart" an old fletcher of this town, sir —

*Raleigh.* One of Falstaff's ragged recruits he —

*Adam.* "And Kit Sly. And, to end the company, Snug the joiner,‡ and Nick Bottom" — and, the list being thus ended, my dear master laughed so long and so merrily that I cried, "Sure one that can laugh so hath small need to name his bearers."

*Raleigh.* Truly did he make Romeo say —

How oft, when men were at the point of death,  
Have they been merry!

*Adam.* "And be sure, Adam," he said, "that thou have old Derrick, and his ancient comrade Turgis, to give out the dole — and see it be of good kind and plentiful." And he charged me again I should not tell his daughter, Mistress Hall, of these dispositions — for wherefore, said he, should I add a few days, or hours, to her grief?

*Drayton.* Derrick is now in the sixth age, he is the *slipperd pantaloons*; and Turgis toucheth on the seventh, that of *second childishness and mere oblivion*, — yet are they still the shadows of that pair whom men shall long smile at.

*Beadle.* Hath every one his portion?

*Assist-Beadle.* Yea, Master Derrick.

*Beadle.* Then give what's over how you will, and make an end shortly, for we are needed at New Place.

*Drayton.* Do you walk in the procession, Master Beadle?

*Beadle.* Of a surety, worshipful sir. The funeral might as well make shift without the coffin as without me and my partner; we walk before choir and parson, at the head of the train; we be its eyebrows. And, neighbour Turgis, if thou shouldst walk half a foot or so to the rearward of me, 'twould be forgiven thee, for so would the people on both sides the way have me in view; and thou, neighbour, art old — and moreover small — and feeble, moreover — and thy port doth scarce beseem the van of a ceremonial, the gifts for which are, in truth, not given to all.

*Assist-Beadle.* I will govern myself as thou desirest, good neighbour.

*Adam.* I have here herbs, for those who will bear them at the funeral. Will ye have cypress or rosemary, sirs?

*Drayton.* Thanks, good Adam; we will bear each a branch of cypress, and will long wear it in our hearts, too.

[*The Beadles and Servants depart for New Place. Drayton and Raleigh pass into the Churchyard.*]

*Drayton.*

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.\*

[*They enter the Church.*]

#### SCENE IV. — *The inside of the Church.*

*Raleigh.* I have seen many a great cathedral, both in England and abroad, holding the bones of kings and saints and heroes; but never one that enshrines dust so sacred as will this we stand in.

*Drayton.* 'Tis a fair church, and our poet might find many a less fitting resting-place than amid these pillars and arches, with the plash of Avon for requiem. Yonder, before the altar, yawns the dark portal through which he will pass out of our sphere. (*They approach the grave.*) What a wealth of ripened thought will be summed up here! what a world of promise is the future robbed of! This grave divides us not from one man, but from unnumbered men and women that might have taught and delighted us; it engulfs not one life but a multitude of unacted lives with their passions and vicissitudes; here will pass away not a solitary figure but a pageant. It may be that, so long as Time hath dominion here, he will never spare such another spirit to eternity.

*Raleigh.* Here doth the poet fulfil the prophecy he made through the mouth of Prospero, that other enchanter: —

I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms of the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I'll drown my book!

[*Chanting heard in the distance.*]

*Drayton.* Those choristers tell us that he is on his last journey; let us go meet the funeral train.

[*They pass out into the porch. The Funeral approaches the gate of the Churchyard. The Beadles walk first, the Choristers, in white robes, and the Minister follow, preceding the Coffin; then the mourners, two and two, each*]

\* "Merry Wives of Windsor."

† "King John."

‡ "Midsummer Night's Dream."

\* "King Richard II.," act iii. sc. 2.

*bearing a branch of yew, cypress, or rosemary in one hand, a taper in the other. As the Choristers enter the Churchyard they begin to sing the following:—*

## FUNERAL HYMN.

## I.

Part of our hearts thou bear'st with thee  
To silence and to dust,  
Fond hopes that now must withered be,  
Unfading love and trust;  
So thou wilt lie not all alone  
Beneath thy monumental stone.

## II.

No echoes of this fretful world,  
No glimmer of the day,  
Can reach thee, in thy shroud enfurled,  
Thou canst not hear us pray,  
Nor seest our tears, nor heed'st our moan,  
Beneath thy monumental stone.

## III.

The good thou didst thy brother here,  
The evil put aside,  
The victory gained o'er sloth and fear,  
O'er avarice, hate, and pride,  
These make the wealth thou still canst own  
Above thy monumental stone.

## IV.

With these for warrant thou shalt go  
Where sorrows enter not;  
Still new thy paths, when here below  
Thy sculptured name's forgot,  
The roof decayed, the grasses grown  
Above thy monumental stone.

*Raleigh.* Methinks, Master Drayton, these verses might better befit some good husband and father of the common sort, than Shakespeare, whose glorious intellect, shining through his works, is his indefeasible title to remembrance. To sing of him thus, is to speak of a falcon and say nought of her wings; to commend Behemoth for other qualities than his strength; to sum up Cæsar and forget his universal empire.

*Drayton.* It is apparent, Walter, that these good citizens believe they have in hand one who differs from them only in that his steps have lain in paths apart from theirs, even as an ostrich differs from a swan in strangeness rather than in excellence. Therefore it may seem to them that this hymn, which hath, doubtless, heralded many an honest alderman to his grave, may also serve very well for Shakespeare.

*Raleigh.* Tell me of the mourners: who is she that stoops her long hood so low between her taper and her branch of rosemary?

*Drayton.* His daughter, Mistress Hall; beside whom walks her husband. Next,

with flushed, tear-bedewed face (yet with a corner of an eye to beholders, methinks) his other and younger daughter, the buxom Judith, married, 'tis two months since, to that comfortable vintner, Master Quiney, who trieth vainly to cover his natural contentment with a decorous mask of woe.

*Raleigh.* And who handleth his taper and his branch as 'twere a bottle and a glass. Sir Thomas and Master Thynne I already know, but who are the next?

*Drayton.* He with the shrewd pale face, and bushy eyebrows is Julius Shaw, with whom walks jovial William Reynolds—both friends and neighbours of Shakespeare; and after them come two other of his friends,—Antony Nash, whose face of gloom is the endowment of nature, and lendeth poignancy to his many jests—and Thomas Combe, son of John-a-Combe. The pair that follow are Hamnet and Judith Sadler, the god-parents of Shakespeare's twin-children. And marked you the austere aspect of the minister? he is one of the Puritan sort,\* much thought of by the Halls, out of favour to whom he comes, doubtless, to do this office. The rest be town dignities, as aldermen and burgesses, and other townfolk.

[*The Procession passes into the Church, Drayton and Raleigh joining it, and the service begins. After prayers at the grave, the Minister preaches a short Sermon, which ends in this wise:—*]

"So, friends, having essayed to draw from the presence of death in our midst some matter for edification, I will speak a word of this particular brother who hath departed, dwelling, as is at these seasons the custom, chiefly on what may do him grace, and serve to sweeten his memory in the nostrils of those whom he hath left still in the bonds of the flesh. And, first, of the fountain of his charities—it hath been known in Stratford for a perennial spring, abundant in refreshment to the poor, and in counsel and all good offices to those who needed countenance of another kind; and if (as must be said were a man to speak truly) he ever regarded necessity more than deserving, and inquired not over closely into the way of life of those he relieved—nay, would oftentimes succour and comfort the godless no less than the godly, and bestow his bounty where it was like to be ill-spent—

\* Probably the same Preacher who is mentioned in old records of the Stratford Corporation as having been a guest at New Place a year or two before.

yet is that to be accounted better than the withholding altogether of alms, as some use. Next, of his excellent charity of another sort, I mean the brotherly relation he held with all conditions of men; it hath been noted among you that he, who was used elsewhere to consort with the great, and hath been favoured even by princes, would yet converse with the lowly on a general level of goodwill, as if the only apparel he took thought of were the skin we are all born with; for which, indeed, he had great ensample. And, again, he hath ever gone among his fellows with a cheerful spirit, so that his presence hath been as wine among friends, and as oil among makebates. And though I dare not say that he inclined of preference to the conversation of the godly, nor could be counted of the fellowship of saints, nor even a favourer of them, yet have I ever found him apt at serious converse, courteous in bearing, weighty in reply, and of unshakeable serenity when I have adventured to press the truth on him somewhat instantly; in-somuch that I, whose vocation 'tis to battle for the truth, have myself, ere now, been sore put to it to hold mine own, and found me in straits to oppose him, so nimble was his wit; though I doubt not that (the clear right being with me) I should, with time for recollection, have had vouchsafed to me the wherewithal to give him sufficient answer. And it hath, at these times, seemed to me that he was a goodly vessel full of merchandise, yet driven by the wind apart from the port where alone her cargo could be bartered for that which is bread; and I have travailed over him with a sore travail; for I have hardly doubted that, with such gifts, he might, had it been so ordered, have justly aspired to be chief magistrate of your town, or even to serve you in Parliament; or again, with diligent study and prayer, to become a preacher of weight, and have struck in the pulpit, a good stroke for God's honour and the devil's discomfiture. But, alas! it is known to all of you, and I dare not dissemble it, that his calling hath been one that delighteth the carnal-minded, and profiteth the idle, and maketh the godly sad of heart; while, as for his talent, it hath been put out to use where the only return is the praise which fleeteth as the bubble on the stream, and the repute which perisheth as the leaves of autumn; for the making of rhymes and verses which flatter the ear, and the art of representing the vain shows of things, which, howe'er skilfully practised (and I

profess not to have that acquaintance with the writings called plays, nor poems other than godly hymns, to judge his handiwork), cannot be held profitable for him that writes nor him that hears them. And therefore, whatsoe'er of wit and sense they may contain must be accounted as water poured out on the sand, which, better bestowed, might have solaced the thirsty, and nourished the herbs and the fruits, whereof many would have eaten and been strengthened. But though I may not altogether hold my peace on these matters, yet am I loth to dwell on them at this time; rather would I point to the hope that our departed brother had, in the soberer life he of late led among you, put aside such toys as unworthy, and given us warrant to forget in him their author, and, moreover, to believe that, had he been spared unto us, he would have removed himself further, year by year, from such vanities and lightnesses of his youth, until, haply, by the ensample of a godly household, and the ministrations of faithful expounders of God's Word, he should have attained even to the perfect day."

[*The Sermon ended, the Coffin is borne to the grave, the Minister and Mourners stand around, the service is concluded, and all depart from the Church.*]

#### SCENE V. — *The Street near New Place.*

*Raleigh (hastening to rejoin Drayton).*

Your pardon, sir, for seeming to forsake you; I did but stay to throw my branch of cypress into the grave, and have kept only this handful, which I will preserve as a memorial, and make of it an heirloom. But, Master Drayton, I had some ado to refrain from answering that preacher even in the church; for I have somewhat of my father's bluntness, and cannot abide that folly or conceit, in the guise whether of honesty, or religion, or philosophy, should go unchallenged; and here was a man who, having the vision of a mole, mistook Parnassus for a mole-hill, and went about to measure it with his ell-wand, and even thought to do men service by persuading them that the golden lights and purple shadows of the mountain, its fountains and dells, the forests that clothe it, the clouds that crown it, and the Muses that make it their haunt, are all vain illusions together.

*Drayton.* You shall find, Master Walter, as you grow older, that all greatness which is not gross and palpable doth require some keenness of vision to discern

it; therefore doth fame oft times grow slowly, and from small beginnings, as when a man notes, of a sudden, in the else familiar aspect of the heavens, an eclipse or a comet, and others gather to him, till the crowd swells, and the rumour goes abroad of a portent. And thus will it be with the fame of Shakespeare, who had so much in common with common men that they accounted him one of themselves, as Mercury passed among herdsmen for a herdsman, and Apollo among shepherds for a shepherd.

*Raleigh.* Lo you, where the mourners of his household approach the house. Let us wait here while they enter, and I pray you beguile the minute by telling me of them. Of what fashion is Mistress Hall?

*Drayton.* Susannah is, from a child, of an earnest nature and a serious wit. Learning little from books, she hath learned much from converse and observation, and so in her hath her father found a companion; somewhat retiring at first, but upon occasion speaking warmly with spirit; devout withal, capable of strict argument for conscience' sake, yet of a becoming humility; so that I have oft thought her father drew the Isabella of "Measure for Measure" from her, she being about twenty years old when 'twas writ; even her who says

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*Raleigh.* Is her helpmate worthy of her?

*Drayton.* A worthy man is Doctor Hall—who consorts with Susannah in piety as in love: one who, next to God and his wife, loveth his most honourable calling, and hath grown to a physician of repute here in Warwickshire, much sought after by great ones of the shire.

*Raleigh.* Taketh the fair Judith in aught after her father?

*Drayton.* Hardly sir; though her twin-brother, Hamnet, who died young, was a child of rare promise. The girl is sprightly, but of small depth or substance, favouring the mother. She might have sat for Anne Page, being about sixteen when her father drew Anne; and she is well-matched with Master Quiney, whose wit o'ertops not hers, who is gay and jovial as becometh a vintner, taking pleasure in what pleases her. Marry, he hath the merit of being the son of her father's old friend Richard Quiney.

*Raleigh.* Sir, a nobleman might have fittingly found in her a mate, she being

Shakespeare's child. But what of the wife who helped him to these daughters?

*Drayton.* 'Twas Shakespeare's mishap, sir (and I say it for your warning), to wed at an age when the fancy and heat of youth o'ercrow the judgment. He had seen few women, and none of the finest. Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's elder by eight years, was buxom as Judith is now; his fancy dressed her in qualities not hers; the secrecy of their meetings lent a flavour of adventure; and so he became bound to one who matched with him as finch with falcon, in youth a country lass, in age a mere housewife, something fretful, but, in the sum, contented; and Shakespeare, who was of a temper to fit himself to what is, dwelt with her here in much kindness. But see—Doctor Hall doth await us on the steps of the entrance.

*Doctor Hall.* Master Drayton, I pray you that you pass not by the house of your departed friend without entering; I beseech you, sir, you and your friend;—'twill be a kindness to come in. You shall not be excused, sirs.

#### SCENE VI.—A Room in Shakespeare's House.

DOCTOR HALL, DRAYTON, and RALEIGH.

*Doctor Hall.* Here, sirs, is my father-in-law's parlour, where he hath mostly abided in this last illness. Be pleased to sit while I fetch my wife, who will part with a few moments of her sorrow in seeing so old a friend.

[*He goes out.*]

*Raleigh.* By Saint George, sir, the poet was bravely lodged! How rich the staining of this window, where, through the lower panes, we look on the garden! and above, there stands emblazoned the falcon with his golden spear, steel-pointed, that Sir Thomas told us of. This wainscot, too, is quaintly carved, and the chimney-front of a rich design. But, soft you now—whose graven portrait is this that hangs in the midst of it? By my troth, 'tis my father's!

*Drayton.* Ay, Master Raleigh; think not but that the poet, with his wide embrace for his fellow-men, took such merit as Sir Walter's near his soul. The darling that went forth on the unknown deep, the search for El Dorado, the finding of strange lands and stranger peoples, all these fired his fancy. 'Tis to our great mariners we owe the sweet magic of Prospero's isle, the innocence of Miranda, the savageness of Caliban, the witcheries of Ariel.



*Raleigh.* And above my father's hangs Bacon's; these Shakespeare looked on as he sat by the fire, and thus was homage done both to adventure and to thought. And on this side, engraven like the others, from a painting I have seen, hangs the Earl of Southampton's.

*Drayton.* Whereby is homage done to friendship; greatly and constantly did the Earl love Shakespeare. And here, when he sat by this window that looks on the garden, he saw on the wall opposite, the presentments of his more level associates — Ben Jonson, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher (twinned in one carven oak frame), Spenser, Sidney, and, lo you, mine unworthy self.

*Raleigh.* But what strange company for such progeny of the Muse are these others on the opposing wall! Calvin and Knox, Ridley and Jewel, and here, portrayed in chalk by a cunning hand, the divine who preached to us even now. What do these godly men here? Did Shakespeare love them?

*Drayton.* Shakespeare, Master Walter, looked on Puritan and Prelatist as the wearers of certain garbs hiding men underneath; 'twas concerning the men he chiefly cared to inquire. 'Tis the Doctor and Mistress Hall who have solaced themselves by hanging these here; the Doctor hath long been a chief of that party in Stratford which, though it forsakes not quite the Church, yet holds by that corner of it which is nearest Geneva; and his wife, from her natural bent, leans to the austere (perchance I should say, the more earnest) side of religion. But Shakespeare, in such matters, would, as Polonius advises, give his ear to all, his voice to few, and tolerated the effigies of these grave divines without any special love for themselves.

*Enter DOCTOR HALL, his wife, their young daughter ELIZABETH, aged eight, and Shakespeare's Widow.*

*Mistress Hall.* Master Drayton, your pardon yet awhile if I cannot greet you — seeing you stir up thoughts that rob me of all words.

*[She turns aside.]*

*Mistress Shakespeare.* O Master Drayton! — Son Hall, lead me to my great chair. Oh, what a loss is mine!

*Drayton.* Your loss is the world's loss, too, good madam.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* Oh, Sir, who will uphold me now, a poor, weak woman? Mr. Shakespeare in his merry mood would say, "Come, thou'lt make a brave widow,

Anne — who shall be thy next?" But Lord, sir, I'll ne'er marry again.

*Raleigh.* Kings, madam, might be proud of such a predecessor.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* Kings, sir! What should kings have to do with me! You are pleased to jest, young sir; though kings and queens, too, have looked with favour on Mr. Shakespeare. But the funeral, Susannah — was all becoming? Did the sermon make good mention of my husband? And the dole — was all the dole given away? But oh, my poor brain! Master Drayton and his friend must eat somewhat. There is a stuffed chine. Oh, how he that's gone loved a stuffed chine! Here be the keys, Elizabeth; see the chine set forth in the dining chamber.

*Drayton.* Nay, nay, good madam, think not of us.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* But ye must eat somewhat, sirs, indeed, now. Daughter, dost know that my new black hood is sewn awry, and I can go not forth until it be straight? And for drink, sirs, will ye a posset, or sack with sugar? The wine is from my son Quiney's cellars, and of his choicest.

*Drayton.* Nay, Mistress Shakespeare, we will rather talk than eat or drink.

*Mistress Shakespeare.* O Master Michael! seeing thee minds me of my youth, and of Shottery where my husband courted me — the bridge of the stream where he would await me; but I can talk no more — I can but weep. Lead me forth, son Hall. Go not till you have eaten, Master Drayton; do but taste the chine. O sweet husband!

*[The DOCTOR leads her forth.]*

*Mistress Hall.* Master Drayton, your pardon once again. I feel some shame at being thus o'ermastered — 'tis not meet to let our spirits be held in dominion by a private sorrow — but when I think on him, my heart turns to water. But, Master Drayton, I have marvelled you came not to my father in his sickness.

*Drayton.* I knew not of it — think you I could have stayed from him? I was far beyond rumour of his condition, and had come now, O heavens! hoping to behold him and listen to him as of yore.

*Mistress Hall.* Much and oft hath he talked of you; for it was growing to be his chief pleasure to sit with old friends, or, they absent, to talk of them. His sickness, though it subdued not his spirit, sobered it; his mirth fell to the level of cheerfulness; he was oftener silent and rapt; and oh, sir, though I dare not aver



it, I will yet hope that his thoughts were above.

*Drayton.* Trust me, Mistress Hall, 'twould be a narrower heaven than we should all hope for, where room and gracious welcome were not proclaimed for him. Think you his place can be elsewhere than with the greatest and best that have gone before?

*Mistress Hall.* Oh, sir, 'tis that troubles me. Hath he not trusted overmuch to that bright intellect? Hath he not been as one that looketh forth from his watch-tower, and beholdeth a fertile land, and a great dominion, and heedeth not that the foundations of the building are of sand? Hath he not — but I will not speak of the thorn that, since he is gone, pricketh me sorer than before. He charged me, Master Michael, that you should see what writings he hath left behind. Would, oh, would they had dealt with such things as only are of great price!

*Drayton.* Wrote he much in these latter days?

*Mistress Hall.* Yea, often, and would call his pen the sluice without which his thoughts would o'erflow his brain, and perchance drown his wits. But now, sir, I will take you to his own chamber, where I will show you the coffer wherein he kept his writings.

[DRAYTON follows her out — RALEIGH takes up a book.

*Doctor Hall (returning).* Your pardon, sir, for leaving you without company.

*Raleigh.* Nay, I had the best of company — even fancies about the great one that so lately dwelt here. Was this book his?

*Doctor Hall.* Yea, and one of the last he read in.

*Raleigh.* Right glad am I to hear it — and right proud will my father be to know that the book he wrote in his captivity was of the last studied by the man he hath ever esteemed the most illustrious of this age.

*Doctor Hall.* Thy father! the History of the World! you are then the son of Sir Walter Raleigh.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, I am but too forward to own that kinship.

*Doctor Hall.* Sir Walter's health must needs have suffered much wrong from his long imprisonment. I have heard that he hath been mightily shaken of an ague.

*Raleigh.* Ay, sir, one contracted years ago in the service of our king's famous predecessor.

*Doctor Hall.* Well is it said, put not your trust in princes. I may tell you, sir,

that I do strongly desire to see that time when none shall be so great as to o'ertop the law, and do think it better that the claws of kings should be pared, than that in their breath should lie the liberties of men. But I pray you, sir, hath Sir Walter made trial of the decoction of dittany, or of fumitorie, to correct the malice of this ague? I have made essay of the root satyriion, in like cases, and found his effects to be good.

*Raleigh.* I doubt not, sir, that all approved remedies have been used by his physicians. — Did Master Shakespeare suffer much pain?

*Doctor Hall.* His malady was wasting rather than painful, save that toward the last he was oft seized with a panting and passion of the heart which left him very nigh to death, for the which I found the syrup of gilliflower, and flour of marigold, in wine, of much avail; the juice of roses also doth greatly comfort the heart. But of your father. I have ever heard Sir Walter reputed for a gentleman of qualities the most diverse, as skill in war by sea and land, courtiership, and statesmanship, the poet's and the chronicler's art, and in all a master — some of which concern not greatly an obscure physician; but I have also heard that he hath a pretty knowledge of pharmacy.

*Raleigh.* He hath some skill in simples. But I pray you, tell me somewhat of Master Shakespeare, the hope of seeing whom fetched me hither, and next to that lost contentment, will be the hearing of him from those he loved. Was not a play called the "Tempest" (which I have not yet seen imprinted) one of the latest of his works for the theatre?

*Doctor Hall.* I believe it was. It hath been told me that the famous cordial which bears Sir Walter's name\* was administered both to the Queen and Prince Henry. I have the recipe writ down, but I doubt me whether I have the ingredients in just quantities. Can you advise me of this?

*Raleigh.* I think my memory may serve me so far. But, sir, 'tis Master Drayton's opinion, as he said but now, that such expeditions by sea as my father hath adventured may have caused conception, in the poet's fancy, of the story of that play.

*Doctor Hall.* It may be so: 'tis of shipwreck and an enchanted isle, as I remember me to have heard; good sooth, Master Raleigh, there be so many evils

\* A specific, or panacea, well known in that age as *Sir Walter's Cordial*, the ingredients of which are given in the text.

in this world crying for redress, that I bestow not much thought on enchantments, and love-tales, and bygone histories. (*Takes out a memorandum-book.*) First, there be, in the cordial, of zedoary and saffron each half a pound.

*Raleigh.* True, sir. But talked Master Shakespeare greatly of his plays while he was busied in inditing them?

*Doctor Hall.* Perchance, to others who were poets; but, indeed, my business in life hath so little relation with what he writ that I did not greatly seek his confidence at such times. Now, regarding this recipe—as to the powder of crab's claws, I have it set down at fourteen ounces.

*Raleigh.* It should be sixteen, sir.

*Doctor Hall.* Why, there now, see, good youth, what a service you have done me; for just proportion is of the essence of a prescript, and I have hitherto compounded this rare remedy but imperfectly. Of cinnamon and nutmegs, two ounces,—cloves, one,—cardamoms, half an ounce,—sugar, two ounces.

*Raleigh.* All these be right.

*Doctor Hall.* I thank you heartily for your correction in the matter of the crab's claws. I will note it. (*Goes to write at a table.*)

*Raleigh (to Elizabeth).* Come hither, pretty one, and tell me thy name.

*Elizabeth (whispering).* My grandfather called me his Queen Bess; and said he would liefer be ruled by me than the older one. (*Aloud.*) Didst thou not say, sir, thou wouldst like to hear of him from those he loved?

*Raleigh.* Ay, little maid.

*Elizabeth.* Then thou must talk of him to me, for he hath oft said 'twas me he loved best, and (*weeping*) I shall ne'er be tired talking of him.

*Raleigh.* Didst often bear him company, Bess?

*Elizabeth.* Ay, for my father goeth much from home, and when my mother was in her store-closet, or visiting the sick, my grandfather and I kept together, we and our two friends.

*Raleigh.* Who be they?

*Elizabeth.* Mopsa is one—this, look you, is Mopsa (*fetching a cat from the hearth*). When I would do her pleasure, I scratch her behind the ear, but my grandfather would always tickle her under the chin. Her father and mother were fairies.

*Raleigh.* How cam'st thou to know that, Bessie?

*Elizabeth.* She was left by them one

night in the snow, where my grandfather found her, and brought her hither, wrapped in his cloak; and he told me all the tale of how she left fairlyland—when there is time I'll tell it thee. And our other friend is Bobadil.

*Raleigh.* Is Bobadil a man?

*Elizabeth.* Nay, surely you know he is a dog; kind and civil to us, but with other dogs he quarrelleth and growleth, and then flieth from them in fear, loving not to fight. And I have a little horse which grandfather did buy for me, and a riding-coat like the Queen's maids, and, so long as he could, we did ride together.

*Raleigh.* Well, Elizabeth, I am going presently to the wars, and when I come again thou and I shall be married, shall we not?

*Elizabeth.* Ay, if my mother will let me, for thou art handsome and kind.

*Raleigh.* Seest thou this chain round my hat, with the pearl clasp? well, I have kept it for my lady-love, when I should have one—so 'tis yours—look, I clasp it on your neck for a token, and when we are wedded you shall tell me the story of Mopsa.

*Elizabeth.* Sure, 'tis the prettiest chain. I give thee for't these four kisses. I will go show it my grandmother.\*

[*She goes out.*]

*Raleigh.* Methinks, Master Hall, that Elizabeth might serve at a pinch for her grandfather's very faithful chronicler.

*Doctor Hall.* Ay, sir, better than most; she bore him company ever when he was inditing, and oft at other seasons. For me, I did greatly love and esteem my good father-in-law, and we lived together in pleasant communion; but for the works which, as I have heard, those that make a play-place of this world find such content in, he ever knew that ceaseless warring with the diseases of the bodies, and (what is more) of the souls of my neighbours, and care for those public matters in which I discern a way to a better condition of the world's affairs, have left me small leisure for fancies to which I am, good sooth, noways affected; therefore he spake not to me of them. But there is one sweet piece of work, of which (not to speak profanely) he was author, that I daily study with reverence and love—and hither it comes.

*Re-enter MISTRESS HALL and DRAYTON.*

*Drayton.* I am like the man in the

\* Elizabeth married, at eighteen, Mr. Thomas Nash, and, secondly, Sir John Barnard, leaving no children by either.

fable who was privileged to look in the cave where a wizard had collected the treasures of the earth, and was so dazed that he could neither pouch any, nor even take account of what he saw. Only I know there be there, beside plays already acted though never imprinted, and others of which only false copies have gone abroad, a multitude of uncoined ingots and uncut jewels of thought, which that matchless mind hath thrown off as if in mere exercise and at breathing-time. What measureless delight will these bestow on the world!\*

*Mistress Hall.* But I know not, sir, if the world shall ever see them. My father gave me no command in the matter, and it may be that I shall serve his memory better, with pious men, by keeping them private.

*Drayton.* Trust me, Mistress Hall, the holder of these shall owe a heavy debt to thy father's fame.

*Mistress Hall.* Nay, sir, what is fame that it must needs be satisfied at all hazards? the bandying of a name from one idle mouth to another!—praise as hollow and unavailing as the night wind sighing o'er an epitaph!—what profit or comfort is in such for the departed?

*Raleigh.* By heaven, madam, not so!—rather is fame the linking of far-off generations by the common bond of one great name: for the dead, it is a second life among men, in which earthiness is purged away, and what is imperishable tarries—and, for the living, their just inheritance; so, to defeat Fame is to commit a double, nay a tenfold wrong. Her trumpet sounds no empty strain; 'tis the appeal against our baser promptings, the summons to action, the meed of achievement, the celebration on earth of the spirit's triumph over the grave: thus it maketh the music to which mankind do march, and which, silent, would leave them slaves.

*Mistress Hall.* Your words, young sir, are manly, but I know not if they be godly. Of what avail that men should march, if not heavenward? How poor be centuries of this fame of yours to one hour of that other life we look for! Think not, Master Drayton, that I am dull to the spell of my father's verse; as a maiden it enthralled my fancy and charmed mine ear; even now could I

taste the delights of it; but I have come to know that in such enchantments lies deadly peril, and I must pass on with my fingers in mine ears. Feeling thus, I know not if, in conscience, I may give what he hath left a voice, in books.

*Drayton.* I will not do battle with these scruples in the hour of your grief, but will trust to the future for overcoming them. Even if no new matter go forth, it were grievous to withhold the true versions of his plays.\* Methinks I espy, in the depths of time, his image veiled, and mark the generations of men toiling to unravel his meanings, and piecing out his maimed verses, and clipt fancies, with guess-work; collecting the while, in pain and doubt, what unthreaded memories tradition may preserve of him. And I do fear me that if some disciple be not found elsewhere, more devoted than any his birthplace affords, to tell posterity what manner of man he was, there may, in a brief space, and ere his fame hath reached its zenith, remain of this chief of English poets nothing but a wondrous name.

[DRAYTON and RALEIGH take their leave, and quit New Place.]

SCENE VII.—*The Dolphin Chamber in the Falcon Tavern.* DRAYTON and RALEIGH. *Through the open door, those who were Bearers at the Funeral are seen drinking in the Tap-room.*

*Enter HOSTESS with a bottle of sack, glasses, small loaves in a basket, and a plate of anchovies.*

*Drayton.* This small refection will bring us handsomely to supper with Sir Thomas. So, hostess, now fill to Master Raleigh—and to each a crust. What do these roysterers without?

*Hostess.* Sir, Master Shakespeare, who was ever full of kind thoughts and beneficence, left it in 's testament that the bearers should be entertained at the Falcon with cakes and ale after the burial; and, in truth, sirs, they have borne themselves like men this hour past; they drink rarely.

*Drayton.* What a coil the varlets keep! Let us listen to them.

*Sly.* Well, a health, boys, to Master Shakespeare, wheresome'er he be.

—(Sings) *And we'll trowl the brown bowl  
To the health of his—*

*Bardolph.* Nay, no singing, except any man knoweth a virtuous psalm-tune.

\* Halliwell says, "According to Roberts, two large chests full of Shakespeare's loose papers and manuscripts" (belonging to a baker who had married one of his descendants) "were destroyed in the great fire at Warwick." Falstaff's speech, "I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulders of them," seems almost prophetic of this.

\* The corrected plays were first published seven years after, in the well-known Folio of 1623.

*Nym.* The fitting humour is — melancholy, and pass the ale.

*Sly.* Are we to be mute, then, in our drink, like fish?

*Bottom.* Let us discourse, but no revelry. Let us suit our matter to the occasion, and enjoy the good liquor sadly. Yet, methinks, I could sing something to the purpose.

— (*Sings*) *Out flieth breath,  
In cometh Death  
With his candle, bell, and book — a,  
With his prayer so loud  
And his woollen shroud,  
And his cell in the churchyard-nook — a.*

*Sly.* A less comfortable song I ne'er listened to. I am of the party of silence rather than this.

*Bottom.* I can be silent, too, an it comes to that, as well as e'er a man of you.

*Bardolph.* More ale, hostess. What, must I take to my old trade again, and turn tapster?

*Wart.* Canst thou mind, Rugby, when the play was held in John-a-Combe's great barn at the end of Chapel-lane, many years agone?

*Rugby.* Ay.

*Wart.* There was somewhat played then, writ, 'twas said by Master Shakespeare, that would have served our turn now; something of ghosts and a burial.

*Rugby.* Was't not the play of *King Hamlet*?

*Bottom.* Ay, that or else the goodly tragedy of *Makebate*.

*Bardolph.* To see Master Shakespeare sitting there on the bench nighest to the stage with his daughter, Mistress Quiney that now is, beside him, and to think the play he looked-on at was writ by himself — by heaven! 'twas as a man should say — wonderful.

*Wart.* I ne'er saw *Makebate*, but I saw another. I was lingering by the playhouse door, with Margery my wife one night, thinking to peep at the stage through a chink in the boards, when Master Shakespeare comes me down the lane. "Art for the play, Wart?" quo' he. "Nay, sir," quo' I; "no pay no play, and my pockets are e'en like Skinflint's pot." "Never stay for that," quo' he; "thou shalt pass, and Margery too, as freely as coined silver — and I hope, Margery, thou'lt lay the play to heart, for they tell me thou lead'st Wart a terrible life of it." Now, the play, sirs, was of a masterful woman whose Goodman got the better of her. Marry, 'twas named — let me see — by the mass, 'twas —

*Rugby.* Was't not named the *Turning of the Screw*, or some such?

*Severall.* Ay, 'twas so, indeed.

*Bottom.* Nay, if you are for remembering names, my masters, I am he that can serve your turn. 'Twas named the *Quelling of the Scold* — 'twas, as Wart truly said, the history of a crowing hen that had her comb cut, as all such should.

*Sly.* When wilt cut Goodwife Bottom's, Nick? Folk say she playeth Chanticleer to thy Partlet.

*Bottom.* Folk say much, neighbour, that it beseemeth not a man of sense to hearken to. But touching these plays — I am all for the love-passages; it giveth one, as 'twere, a yearning; it maketh one feel young again — the billing, now — and the sighing. I have played the lover, neighbours, both on the stage and off it, when my sweetheart hath borne her most tenderly.

*Wart.* I also was loved in my youth.

*Sly.* Thou loved! was there ne'er a scarecrow in the parish, then, to set heart on?

*Hostess (entering with fresh ale).* Nay, fub not the Goodman so, Christopher — thou art ever girding. I warrant me, neighbour Wart hath had his cooings and his wooings like the rest, and could tickle a maiden's ear as well as another. What! have we not all been young!

*Nym.* Well, for me, I care not for the love-humours — there is a mawkishness and a queasiness in overmuch ogling and lippling. I am for your deadlier humours; give me a murder, now, — or the witches.

*Wart.* I love the witches, too.

*Bardolph.* Since ye talk of witches, saw ye Goody Broom at the burial to-day, hanging on the skirts of the crowd, and lurking behind a gravestone, wiping, the while, her old red eyes with the corner of her ragged cloak? I am well persuaded that Master Shakespeare had no truer mourner than that same ancient leman of Lucifer.

*Hostess.* And well she may, poor soul! Between water and fire there was like to have been soon an end of her, but for Master Shakespeare.

*Wart.* Well, I was one of those that ducked her i' the pond; and I ran a needle, too, into a mole she had, and she winced not — a sure sign of a witch; but when Master Shakespeare stepped forth and bespoke us, I felt I know not how at his words, and made home an 'twere a dog that hath been caught in the larder.

*Snug.* And when they haled her before the justices, Sir Thomas was for burning

her, had not Master Shakespeare o'erpersuaded him.

*Sly.* Well, he saved her then, but she may chance have her whiskers singed yet. I am not one that favours witches, any more than our good King, and I shall keep eye on her.

*Hostess (entering the Dolphin chamber).* Sirs, here be Sir Thomas's men, and the horses, awaiting you in the yard.

*Drayton.* Thanks, hostess — our score. Now, Walter, set on.

*Raleigh (passing into the taproom).* Good friends —

*Bottom.* Hear him ! hear him !

*Raleigh.* Good friends, all simple as ye sit here, ye have this day done an office that the foremost nobles of England might envy you, and that might make their children's children proud to say — our forefather was one of those who bore Shakespeare to the grave.

*Bottom.* Sir, we did it passing well, and becomingly, but ye boast not of it.

*Bardolph.* 'Sblood, sir, to be a bearer is no such great matter — and for nobles, why, we have been paid with one each, and are content.

*Raleigh.* Ay, ye have had greatness so near ye that ye saw it not — ye are as daws that build in a cathedral and take it for an old wall. But I blame ye not — your betters have seen no clearer. And now, to show my goodwill for ye, as those whom Shakespeare hath sometimes honoured with a word, or look, I will entreat Master Drayton to lodge for me a sum with his friend Master Quiney, which shall suffice to let ye all meet and carouse here once a-month, for a year to come — and each year that I live \* will I do likewise — and ye shall call it Shakespeare's Holiday.

*Bardolph.* By heaven ! a most noble gentleman, and of a choice conception.

*Nym.* This humour likes me passing well.

*Sly.* I would there were more of your kidney in Stratford.

*Bottom.* I will invent a new speech every year in your lordship's honour, and every year it shall be better than the last. My masters, let us, all that can stand, attend these gentles to the door.

*All.* Farewell, gallant sirs.

*Raleigh and Drayton.* Good friends, farewell.

\* At the close of the following year he was slain, sword in hand, gallantly fighting the Spaniards, on the banks of the Orinoco.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

# THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTTON.

## CHAPTER II.

THE Marquis de Rochebriant is no longer domiciled in an attic in the gloomy faubourg. See him now in a charming *appartement de garçon au premier* in the Rue du Helder, close by the promenades and haunts of the *mode*. It had been furnished and inhabited by a brilliant young provincial from Bordeaux, who, coming into an inheritance of 100,000 francs, had rushed up to Paris to enjoy himself, and make his million at the Bourse. He had enjoyed himself thoroughly—he had been a darling of the *demi monde*. He had been a successful and an inconstant gallant. Zélie had listened to his vows of eternal love, and his offers of unlimited *cachemires*. Desirée, succeeding Zélie, had assigned to him her whole heart, or all that was left of it, in gratitude for the ardour of his passion, and the diamonds and *coupé* which accompanied and attested the ardour. The superb Hortense, supplanting Desirée, received his visits in the charming apartment he furnished for her, and entertained him and his friends at the most delicate little suppers, for the moderate sum of 4000 francs a month. Yes, he had enjoyed himself thoroughly, but he had not made a million at the Bourse. Before the year was out, the 100,000 francs were gone. Compelled to return to his province, and by his hard-hearted relations ordained, on penalty of starvation, to marry the daughter of an *avoué*, for the sake of her *dot* and a share in the hated drudgery of the *avoué's* business,—his apartment was to be had for a tenth part of the original cost of its furniture. A certain Chevalier de Finisterre, to whom Louvier had introduced the Marquis as a useful fellow, who knew Paris, and would save him from being cheated, had secured this *bi-jou* of an apartment for Alain, and concluded the bargain for the *bagatelle* of £500. The Chevalier took the same advantageous occasion to purchase the English well-bred hack, and the neat *coupé* and horses which the Bordelais was also necessitated to dispose of. These purchases made, the Marquis had some 5000 francs (£200) left out of Louvier's premium of £1000. The Marquis, however, did not seem alarmed or dejected by the sudden diminution of capital so expeditiously effected. The easy life thus commenced seemed to him too natural to be



fraught with danger; and easy though it was, it was a very simple and modest sort of life compared with that of many other men of his age to whom Enguerrand had introduced him, though most of them had an income less than his, and few, indeed, of them were his equals in dignity of birth. Could a Marquis de Rochebriant, if he lived at Paris at all, give less than 3000 francs a year for his apartment, or mount a more humble establishment than that confined to a valet and a tiger, two horses for his *coupe* and one for the saddle? "Impossible," said the Chevalier de Finisterre, decidedly; and the Marquis bowed to so high an authority. He thought within himself, "If I find in a few months that I am exceeding my means, I can but dispose of my rooms and my horses, and return to Rochebriant a richer man by far than I left it."

To say truth, the brilliant seductions of Paris had already produced their effect, not only on the habits, but on the character and cast of thought, which the young noble had brought with him from the feudal and melancholy Bretagne.

Warmed by the kindness with which, once introduced by his popular kinsmen, he was everywhere received, the reserve or shyness which is the compromise between the haughtiness of self-esteem and the painful doubt of appreciation by others, rapidly melted away. He caught insensibly the polished tone, at once so light and so cordial, of his new-made friends. With all the efforts of the democrats to establish equality and fraternity, it is among the aristocrats that equality and fraternity are most to be found. All *gentilshommes* in the best society are equals; and whether they embrace or fight each other, they embrace or fight as brothers of the same family. But with the tone of manners, Alain de Rochebriant imbibed still more insensibly the lore of that philosophy which young idlers in pursuit of pleasure teach to each other. Probably in all civilized and luxurious capitals that philosophy is very much the same among the same class of idlers at the same age; probably it flourishes in Pekin not less than at Paris. If Paris has the credit, or discredit, of it more than any other capital, it is because in Paris more than in any other capital it charms the eye by grace and amuses the ear by wit. A philosophy which takes the things of this life very easily—which has a smile and a shrug of the shoulders for any pretender to the Heroic—which subdivides the wealth of passion into the pocket-money

of caprices—is always in or out of love, ankle-deep, never venturing a plunge—which, light of heart as of tongue, turns "the solemn plausibilities" of earth into subjects for epigrams and *bon mots*,—it jests at loyalty to kings, and turns up its nose at enthusiasm for commonwealths—it abjures all grave studies—it shuns all profound emotions. We have crowds of such philosophers in London; but there they are less noticed, because the agreeable attributes of the sect are there dimmed and obfuscated. It is not a philosophy that flowers richly in the reek of fogs, and in the teeth of east winds; it wants for full development the light atmosphere of Paris. Now this philosophy began rapidly to exercise its charms upon Alain de Rochebriant. Even in the society of professed Legitimists, he felt that faith had deserted the Legitimist creed, or taken refuge only as a companion of religion in the hearts of high-born women and a small minority of priests. His chivalrous loyalty still struggled to keep its ground, but its roots were very much loosened. He saw—for his natural intellect was keen—that the cause of the Bourbon was hopeless, at least for the present, because it had ceased, at least for the present, to be a cause. His political creed thus shaken, with it was shaken also that adherence to the past which had stifled his ambition of a future. That ambition began to breathe and to stir, though he owned it not to others—though, as yet, he scarce distinguished its whispers, much less directed its movements towards any definite object. Meanwhile, all that he knew of his ambition was the new-born desire for social success.

We see him, then, under the quick operation of this change in sentiments and habits reclined on the *fauteuil* before his fireside, and listening to his college friend, of whom we have so long lost sight, Frederic Lemerrier. Frederic had breakfasted with Alain—a breakfast such as might have contented the author of the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and provided from the *Café Anglais*. Frederic has just thrown aside his regalia.

"*Pardieu!* my dear Alain. If Louvier has no sinister object in the generosity of his dealings with you, he will have raised himself prodigiously in my estimation. I shall forsake, in his favour, my allegiance to Duplessis, though that clever fellow has just made a wondrous *coup* in the Egyptians, and I gain 40,000 francs by having followed his advice. But if Du-



pleissis has a head as long as Louvier's, he certainly has not an equal greatness of soul. Still, my dear friend, will you pardon me if I speak frankly, and in the way of a warning homily?"

"Speak; you cannot oblige me more."

"Well, then, I know that you can no more live at Paris in the way you are doing, or mean to do, without some fresh addition to your income, than a lion could live in the Jardin des Plantes upon an allowance of two mice a-week."

"I don't see that. Deducting what I pay to my aunt—and I cannot get her to take more than 6000 francs a-year—I have 700 napoleons left, net and clear. My rooms and stables are equipped, and I have 2500 francs in hand. On 700 napoleons a-year, I calculate that I can very easily live as I do; and if I fail—well, I must return to Rochebriant. Seven hundred napoleons a-year will be a magnificent rental there."

Frederic shook his head.

"You do not know how one expense leads to another. Above all, you do not calculate the chief part of one's expenditure—the unforeseen. You will play at the Jockey Club and lose half your income in a night."

"I shall never touch a card."

"So you say now, innocent as a lamb of the force of example. At all events, *beau seigneur*, I presume you are not going to resuscitate the part of the *Ermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*; and the fair *Parisiennes* are demons of extravagance."

"Demons whom I shall not court."

"Did I say you would? They will court you. Before another month has flown, you will be inundated with *billets-doux*."

"It is not a shower that will devastate my humble harvest. But, *mon cher*, we are falling upon very gloomy topics. *Laissez-moi tranquille* in my illusions, if illusions they be. Ah, you cannot conceive what a new life opens to the man who, like myself, has passed the dawn of his youth in privation and fear, when he suddenly acquires competence and hope. If it last only a year, it will be something to say 'Vixi.'"

"Alain," said Frederic, very earnestly, "believe me, I should not have assumed the ungracious and inappropriate task of Mentor, if it were only a year's experience at stake, or if you were in the position of men like myself—free from the encumbrance of a great name and heavily-mortgaged lands. Should you fail

to pay regularly the interest due to Louvier, he has the power to put up at public auction, and there to buy in for himself your *château* and domain."

"I am aware that in strict law he would have such power, though I doubt if he would use it. Louvier is certainly a much better and more generous fellow than I could have expected; and if I believe De Finisterre, he has taken a sincere liking to me, on account of affection to my poor father. But why should not the interest be paid regularly? The revenues from Rochebriant are not likely to decrease, and the charge on them is lightened by the contract with Louvier. And I will confide to you a hope I entertain of a very large addition to my rental."

"How?"

"A chief part of my rental is derived from forests, and De Finisterre has heard of a capitalist who is disposed to make a contract for their sale at the fall this year, and may probably extend it to future years, at a price far exceeding that which I have hitherto obtained."

"Pray be cautious. De Finisterre is not a man I should implicitly trust in such matters."

"Why? do you know anything against him? He is in the best society—perfect *gentilhomme*—and, as his name may tell you, a fellow-Breton. You yourself allow, and so does Enguerrand, that the purchases he made for me—in this apartment, my horses, &c.—are singularly advantageous."

"Quite true; the Chevalier is reputed sharp and clever, is said to be very amusing, and a first rate *piquet*-player. I don't know him personally. I am not in his set. I have no valid reason to disparage his character, nor do I conjecture any motive he could have to injure or mislead you. Still, I say, be cautious how far you trust to his advice or recommendation."

"Again I ask why?"

"He is unlucky to his friends. He attaches himself much to men younger than himself; and somehow or other I have observed that most of them have come to grief. Besides, a person in whose sagacity I have great confidence warned me against making the Chevalier's acquaintance, and said to me, in his blunt way, 'De Finisterre came to Paris with nothing; he has succeeded to nothing; he belongs to no ostensible profession by which anything can be made. But evidently now he has picked up a good deal; and in proportion as any young as-

sociate of his becomes poorer, De Finisterre seems mysteriously to become richer. Shun that sort of acquaintance."

"Who is your sagacious adviser?"

"Duplessis."

"Ah, I thought so. That bird of prey fancies every other bird looking out for pigeons. I fancy that Duplessis is, like all those money-getters, a seeker after fashion, and De Finisterre has not returned his bow."

"My dear Alain, I am to blame; nothing is so irritating as a dispute about the worth of the men we like. I began it, now let it be dropped; only make me one promise, that if you should be in arrear, or if need presses, you will come at once to me. It was very well to be absurdly proud in an attic, but that pride will be out of place in your *appartement au premier*."

"You are the best fellow in the world, Frederic, and I make you the promise you ask," said Alain, cheerfully, but yet with a secret emotion of tenderness and gratitude. "And now, *mon cher*, what day will you dine with me to meet Raoul, and Enguerrand, and some others whom you would like to know?"

"Thanks, and hearty ones, but we move now in different spheres, and I shall not trespass on yours. *Je suis trop bourgeois* to incur the ridicule of *le bourgeois gentilhomme*."

"Frederic, how dare you speak thus? My dear fellow, my friends shall honour you as I do."

"But that will be on your account, not mine. No; honestly, that kind of society neither tempts nor suits me. I am a sort of king in my own walk; and I prefer my Bohemian royalty to vassalage in higher regions. Say no more of it. It will flatter my vanity enough if you will now and then descend to my coteries, and allow me to parade a Rochebriant as my familiar crony, slap him on the shoulder, and call him Alain."

"Fie! you who stopped me and the English aristocrat in the Champs Elysées, to humble us with your boast of having fascinated *une grande dame*—I think you said a *duchesse*."

"Oh," said Lemercier, conceitedly, and passing his hand through his scented locks, "women are different; love levels all ranks. I don't blame Ruy Blas for accepting the love of the queen, but I do blame him for passing himself off as a noble—a plagiarism, by the by, from an English play. I do not love the English enough to copy them. *A propos*, what

has become of *ce beau Grarm Varn*? I have not seen him of late."

"Neither have I."

"Nor the *belle Italienne*?"

"Nor her," said Alain, slightly blushing.

At this moment Enguerrand lounged into the room. Alain stopped Lemercier to introduce him to his kinsman. "Enguerrand, I present to you M. Lemercier, my earliest and one of my dearest friends."

The young noble held out his hand with the bright and joyous grace which accompanied all his movements, and expressed in cordial words his delight to make M. Lemercier's acquaintance. Bold and assured as Frederic was in his own circles, he was more discomposed than set at ease by the gracious accost of a *lion* whom he felt at once to be of a breed superior to his own. He muttered some confused phrases, in which *ravi* and *flatté* were alone audible, and vanished.

"I know M. Lemercier by sight very well," said Enguerrand, seating himself. "One sees him very often in the Bois; and I have met him in the *Coulisses* and the *Bal Mabille*. I think, too, that he plays at the Bourse, and is *lié* with M. Duplessis, who bids fair to rival Louvier one of these days. Is Duplessis also one of your dearest friends?"

"No, indeed. I once met him, and was not prepossessed in his favour."

"Nevertheless, he is a man much to be admired and respected."

"Why so?"

"Because he understands so well the art of making what we all covet—money. I will introduce you to him."

"I have been already introduced."

"Then I will reintroduce you. He is much courted in a society which I have been recently permitted by my father to frequent—the society of the Imperial Court."

"You frequent that society, and the Count permits it?"

"Yes; better the Imperialists than the Republicans; and my father begins to own that truth, though he is too old or too indolent to act on it."

"And Raoul?"

"Oh, Raoul, the melancholy and philosophic Raoul, has no ambition of any kind, so long as—thanks somewhat to me—his purse is always replenished for the wants of his stately existence, among the foremost of which wants are the means to supply the wants of others. That is the true reason why he consents to our

glove-shop. Raoul belongs, with some other young men of the faubourg, to a society enrolled under the name of Saint François de Sales, for the relief of the poor. He visits their houses, and is at home by their sickbeds as at their stunted boards. Nor does he confine his visitations to the limits of our faubourg; he extends his travels to Montmartre and Belleville. As to our upper world, he does not concern himself much with its changes. He says that 'we have destroyed too much ever to rebuild solidly; and that whatever we do, build could be upset any day by a Paris mob, which he declares to be the only institution we have left.' A wonderful fellow is Raoul; full of mind, though he does little with it; full of heart, which he devotes to suffering humanity, and to a poetic, knightly reverence (not to be confounded with earthly love, and not to be degraded into that sickly sentiment called Platonic affection) for the Countess di Rimini, who is six years older than himself, and who is very faithfully attached to her husband, Raoul's intimate friend, whose honour he would guard as his own. It is an episode in the drama of Parisian life, and one not so uncommon as the malignant may suppose. Di Rimini knows and approves of his veneration; my mother, the best of women, sanctions it, and deems truly that it preserves Raoul safe from all the temptations to which ignobler youth is exposed. I mention this lest you should imagine there was anything in Raoul's worship of his star less pure than it is. For the rest, Raoul, to the grief and amazement of that disciple of Voltaire, my respected father, is one of the very few men I know in our circles who is sincerely religious — an orthodox Catholic — and the only man I know who practises the religion he professes; charitable, chaste, benevolent; and no bigot, no intolerant ascetic. His only weakness is his entire submission to the worldly common-sense of his good-for-nothing, covetous, ambitious brother Enguerrand. I cannot say how I love him for that. If he had not such a weakness, his excellence would gall me, and I believe I should hate him."

Alain bowed his head at this eulogium. Such had been the character that, a few months ago, he would have sought as example and model. He seemed to gaze upon a flattered portrait of himself as he had been.

"But," said Enguerrand, "I have not come here to indulge in the overflow of

brotherly affection. I come to take you to your relation the Duchess of Tarascon. I have pledged myself to her to bring you, and she is at home on purpose to receive you."

"In that case I cannot be such a churl as to refuse. And, indeed, I no longer feel quite the same prejudices against her and the Imperialists as I brought from Bretagne. Shall I order my carriage?"

"No; mine is at the door. Yours can meet you where you will, later. *Allons.*"

#### CHAPTER III.

THE Duchesse de Tarascon occupied a vast apartment in the Rue Royale, close to the Tuileries. She held a high post among the ladies who graced the brilliant Court of the Empress. She had survived her second husband the Duc, who left no issue, and the title died with him. Alain and Enguerrand were ushered up the grand staircase, lined with tiers of costly exotics as if for a *fête*; but in that and in all kinds of female luxury, the Duchesse lived in a state of *fête perpétuelle*. The doors on the landing-place were screened by heavy *portières* of Genoa velvet, richly embroidered in gold with the ducal crown and cipher. The two *salons* through which the visitors passed to the private cabinet or boudoir were decorated with Gobelin tapestries, fresh, with a mixture of roseate hues, and depicting incidents in the career of the first Emperor; while the effigies of the late Duc's father — the gallant founder of a short-lived race — figured modestly in the background. On a table of Russian malachite within the recess of the central window lay, preserved in glass cases, the baton and the sword, the epaulettes, and the decorations of the brave Marshal. On the *consoles* and the mantelpieces stood clocks and vases of Sèvres that could scarcely be eclipsed by those in the Imperial palaces. Entering the cabinet, they found the Duchesse seated at her writing-table, with a small Skye terrier, hideous in the beauty of the purest breed, nestled at her feet. This room was an exquisite combination of costliness and comfort — Luxury at home. The hangings were of geranium-coloured silk, with double curtains of white satin; near to the writing-table a conservatory, with a white marble fountain at play in the centre, and a trellised aviary at the back. The walls were covered with small pictures — chiefly portraits and miniatures of the members of the Imperial family, of the late Duc, of his father the Marshal

and Madame la Maréchale, of the present Duchesse herself, and of some of the principal ladies of the Court.

The Duchesse was still in the prime of life. She had passed her fortieth year, but was so well "conserved" that you might have guessed her to be ten years younger. She was tall; not large—but with rounded figure inclined to *en bon point*; with dark hair and eyes, but fair complexion, injured in effect rather than improved by pearl-powder, and that atrocious barbarism of a dark stain on the eyelids which has of late years been a baneful fashion; dressed—I am a man, and cannot describe her dress—all I know is, that she had the acknowledged fame of the best-dressed *subject* of France. As she rose from her seat, there was in her look and air the unmistakable evidence of *grande dame*; a family likeness in feature to Alain himself, a stronger likeness to the picture of her first cousin—his mother—which was preserved at Rochebriant. Her descent was indeed from ancient and noble houses. But to the distinction of race she added that of fashion; crowning both with a tranquil consciousness of lofty position and unblemished reputation.

"Unnatural cousin," she said to Alain, offering her hand to him, with a gracious smile; "all this age in Paris, and I see you for the first time. But there is joy on earth as in heaven over sinners who truly repent. You repent truly—*n'est ce pas?*"

It is impossible to describe the caressing charm which the Duchesse threw into her words, voice, and look. Alain was fascinated and subdued.

"Ah, Madame la Duchesse," said he, bowing over the fair hand he lightly held, "it was not sin, unless modesty be a sin, which made a rustic hesitate long before he dared to offer his homage to the queen of the graces."

"Not badly said for a rustic," cried Enguerrand; "eh, Madame?"

"My cousin, you are pardoned," said the Duchesse. "Compliment is the perfume of *gentilhommerie*. And if you brought enough of that perfume from the flowers of Rochebriant to distribute among the ladies at Court, you will be terribly the *mode* there. Seducer!"—here she gave the Marquis a playful tap on the cheek, not in a coquettish but in a mother-like familiarity, and looking at him attentively, said: "Why you are even handsomer than your father. I shall be proud to present to their Imperial Majes-

ties so becoming a cousin. But seat yourselves here, Messieurs, close to my arm-chair, *causons*."

The Duchesse then took up the ball of the conversation. She talked without any apparent artifice, but with admirable tact; put just the questions about Rochebriant most calculated to please Alain, shunning all that might have pained him; asking him for descriptions of the surrounding scenery—the Breton legends; hoping that the old castle would never be spoiled by modernizing restorations; inquiring tenderly after his aunt, whom she had in her childhood once seen, and still remembered with her sweet, grave face; paused little for replies; then turned to Enguerrand with sprightly small-talk on the topics of the day, and every now and then bringing Alain into the pale of the talk, leading on insensibly until she got Enguerrand himself to introduce the subject of the Emperor, and the political troubles which were darkening a reign heretofore so prosperous and splendid.

Her countenance then changed; it became serious, and even grave in its expression.

"It is true," she said, "that the times grow menacing—menacing not only to the throne, but to order and property and France. One by one they are removing all the breakwaters which the Empire had constructed between the executive and the most fickle and impulsive population that ever shouted 'long live' one day to the man whom they would send to the guillotine the next. They are denouncing what they call personal government—grant that it has its evils; but what would they substitute?—a constitutional monarchy like the English? That is impossible with universal suffrage and without an hereditary chamber. The nearest approach to it was the monarchy of Louis Philippe—we know how sick they became of that. A republic? *mon Dieu!* composed of republicans terrified out of their wits at each other. The moderate men, mimics of the Girondins, with the Reds, and the Socialists, and the Communists, ready to tear them to pieces. And then—what then?—the commercialists, the agriculturists, the middle class combining to elect some dictator who will cannonade the mob, and become a mimic Napoléon, grafted on a mimic Necker or a mimic Danton. Oh, Messieurs, I am French to the core! You inheritors of such names must be as French as I am; and yet you men insist on remaining more useless to France in

the midst of her need than I am,—I, a woman who can but talk and weep.”

The Duchesse spoke with a warmth of emotion which startled and profoundly affected Alain. He remained silent, leaving it to Enguerrand to answer.

“Dear Madame,” said the latter, “I do not see how either myself or our kinsman can merit your reproach. We are not legislators. I doubt if there is a single department in France that would elect us, if we offered ourselves. It is not our fault if the various floods of revolution leave men of our birth and opinions stranded wrecks of a perished world. The Emperor chooses his own advisers, and if they are bad ones, his Majesty certainly will not ask Alain and me to replace them.”

“You do not answer—you evade me,” said the Duchesse, with a mournful smile. “You are too skilled a man of the world, M. Enguerrand, not to know that it is not only legislators and ministers that are necessary to the support of a throne, and the safeguard of a nation. Do you not see how great a help it is to both throne and nation, when that section of public opinion which is represented by names illustrious in history, identified with records of chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion, rallies round the order established? Let that section of public opinion stand aloof, soured and discontented, excluded from active life, lending no counterbalance to the perilous oscillations of democratic passion, and tell me if it is not an enemy to itself as well as a traitor to the principles it embodies?”

“The principles it embodies, Madame,” said Alain, “are those of fidelity to a race of kings unjustly set aside, less for the vices than the virtues of ancestors. Louis XV. was the worst of the Bourbons,—he was the *bien aimé*,—he escapes; Louis XVI. was in moral attributes the best of the Bourbons,—he dies the death of a felon; Louis XVIII., against whom much may be said, restored to the throne by foreign bayonets, reigning as a disciple of Voltaire might reign, secretly scoffing alike at the royalty and the religion which were crowned in his person, dies peacefully in his bed; Charles X., redeeming the errors of his youth by a reign untarnished by a vice, by a religion earnest and sincere, is sent into exile for defending established order from the very inroads which you lament. He leaves an heir against whom calumny cannot invent a tale, and that heir remains an outlaw simply because he descends from Henry

IV., and has a right to reign. Madame, you appeal to us as among the representatives of the chivalrous deeds and loyal devotion which characterized the old nobility of France. Should we deserve that character if we forsook the unfortunate, and gained wealth and honour in forsaking?”

“Your words endear you to me. I am proud to call you cousin,” said the Duchesse. “But do you, or does any man in his senses believe that if you upset the Empire you could get back the Bourbons? that you would not be in imminent danger of a Government infinitely more opposed to the theories on which rests the creed of Legitimists than that of Louis Napoléon? After all, what is there in the loyalty of you Bourbonites that has in it the solid worth of an argument which can appeal to the comprehension of mankind, except it be the principle of a hereditary monarchy? Nobody nowadays can maintain the right divine of a single regal family to impose itself upon a nation. That dogma has ceased to be a living principle; it is only a dead reminiscence. But the institution of monarchy is a principle strong and vital, and appealing to the practical interests of vast sections of society. Would you sacrifice the principle which concerns the welfare of millions, because you cannot embody it in the person of an individual utterly insignificant in himself? In a word, if you prefer monarchy to the hazard of republicanism for such a country as France, accept the monarchy you find, since it is quite clear you cannot rebuild the monarchy you would prefer. Does it not embrace all the great objects for which you call yourself Legitimist? Under it religion is honoured, a national Church secured, in reality if not in name; under it you have united the votes of millions to the establishment of the throne; under it all the material interests of the country, commercial, agricultural, have advanced with an unequalled rapidity of progress; under it Paris has become the wonder of the world for riches, for splendour, for grace and beauty; under it the old traditional enemies of France have been humbled and rendered impotent. The policy of Richelieu has been achieved in the abasement of Austria; the policy of Napoléon I. has been consummated in the salvation of Europe from the semi-barbarous ambition of Russia. England no longer casts her trident in the opposite scale of the balance of European power. Satisfied with the hon-



our of our alliance, she has lost every other ally; and her forces neglected, her spirit enervated, her statesmen dreaming believers in the safety of their island, provided they withdraw from the affairs of Europe, may sometimes scold us, but will certainly not dare to fight. With France she is but an inferior satellite,—without France she is—nothing. Add to all this a Court more brilliant than that of Louis XIV., a sovereign not indeed without faults and errors, but singularly mild in his nature, warm-hearted to friends, forgiving to foes, whom personally no one could familiarly know and not be charmed with a *bonté* of character lovable as that of Henri IV.,—and tell me what more than all this could you expect from the reign of a Bourbon?"

"With such results," said Alain, "from the monarchy you so eloquently praise, I fail to discover what the Emperor's throne could possibly gain by a few powerless converts from an unpopular, and you say, no doubt truly, from a hopeless cause."

"I say monarchy gains much by the loyal adhesion of any man of courage, ability, and honour. Every new monarchy gains much by conversions from the ranks by which the older monarchies were strengthened and adorned. But I do not here invoke your aid merely to this monarchy, my cousin; I demand your devotion to the interests of France; I demand that you should not rest an outlaw from her service. Ah, you think that France is in no danger—that you may desert or oppose the Empire as you list, and that society will remain safe! You are mistaken. Ask Enguerrand."

"Madame," said Enguerrand, "you overrate my political knowledge in that appeal; but, honestly speaking, I subscribe to your reasonings. I agree with you that the Empire sorely needs the support of men of honour: it has one cause of rot which now undermines it—dishonest jobbery in its administrative departments; even in that of the army, which apparently is so heeded and cared for. I agree with you that France is in danger, and may need the swords of all her better sons, whether against the foreigner or against her worst enemies—the mobs of her great towns. I myself received a military education, and but for my reluctance to separate myself from my father and Raoul, I should be a candidate for employments more congenial to me than those of the Bourse and my trade in the glove-shop. But Alain is happily free from all family ties, and Alain knows that my

advice to him is not hostile to your exhortations."

"I am glad to think he is under so salutary an influence," said the Duchesse; and seeing that Alain remained silent and thoughtful, she wisely changed the subject, and shortly afterwards the two friends took leave.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THREE days elapsed before Graham again saw M. Lebeau. The letter-writer did not show himself at the *café*, and was not to be found at his office, the ordinary business of which was transacted by his clerk, saying that his master was much engaged on important matters that took him from home.

Graham naturally thought that these matters concerned the discovery of Louise Duval, and was reconciled to suspense. At the *café*, awaiting Lebeau, he had slid into some acquaintance with the *ouvrier* Armand Monnier, whose face and talk had before excited his interest. Indeed, the acquaintance had been commenced by the *ouvrier*, who seated himself at a table near to Graham's, and after looking at him earnestly for some minutes said, "You are waiting for your antagonist at dominoes, M. Lebeau—a very remarkable man."

"So he seems. I know, however, but little of him. You, perhaps, have known him longer?"

"Several months. Many of your countrymen frequent this *café*, but you do not seem to care to associate with the *blouses*."

"It is not that; but we islanders are shy, and don't make acquaintance with each other readily. By the way, since you so courteously accost me, I may take the liberty of saying that I overheard you defend the other night, against one of my countrymen, who seemed to me to talk great nonsense, the existence of *le Bon Dieu*. You had much the best of it. I rather gathered from your argument that you went somewhat farther, and were not too enlightened to admit of Christianity."

Armand Monnier looked pleased—he liked praise; and he liked to hear himself talk, and he plunged at once into a very complicated sort of Christianity—partly Arian, partly St. Simonian, with a little of Rousseau and a great deal of Armand Monnier. Into this we need not follow him; but in sum it was a sort of Christianity, the main heads of which consisted in the removal of your neighbour's land-

marks — in the right of the poor to appropriate the property of the rich — in the right of love to dispense with marriage, and the duty of the State to provide for any children that might result from such union, the parents being incapacitated to do so, as whatever they might leave was due to the treasury in common. Graham listened to these doctrines with melancholy not unmixed with contempt. "Are these opinions of yours," he asked, "derived from reading or your own reflection?"

"Well, from both, but from circumstances in life that induced me to read and reflect. I am one of the many victims of the tyrannical law of marriage. When very young I married a woman who made me miserable, and then forsook me. Morally, she has ceased to be my wife — legally, she is. I then met with another woman who suits me, who loves me. She lives with me; I cannot marry her; she has to submit to humiliations, to be called contemptuously an *ouvrier's* mistress. Then, though before I was only a Republican, I felt there was something wrong in society which needed a greater change than that of a merely political government; and then, too, when I was all troubled and sore, I chanced to read one of Madame de Grantmesnil's books. A glorious genius that woman's!"

"She has genius, certainly," said Graham, with a keen pang at his heart; Madame de Grantmesnil, the dearest friend of Isaura! "But," he added, "though I believe that eloquent author has indirectly assailed certain social institutions, including that of marriage, I am perfectly persuaded that she never designed to effect such complete overthrow of the system which all civilized communities have hitherto held in reverence, as your doctrines would attempt; and after all, she but expresses her ideas through the medium of fabulous incidents and characters. And men of your sense should not look for a creed in the fictions of poets and romance-writers."

"Ah," said Monnier, "I daresay neither Madame de Grantmesnil nor even Rousseau ever even guessed the ideas they awoke in their readers; but one idea leads on to another. And genuine poetry and romance touch the heart so much more than dry treatises. In a word, Madame de Grantmesnil's book set me thinking; and then I read other books, and talked with clever men, and educated myself. And so I became the man I am." Here, with a self-satisfied air, Monnier bowed

to the Englishman and joined a group at the other end of the room.

The next evening, just before dusk, Graham Vane was seated musingly in his own apartment in the Faubourg Montmartre, when there came a slight knock at his door. He was so wrapt in thought that he did not hear the sound, though twice repeated. The door opened gently, and M. Lebeau appeared on the threshold. The room was lighted only by the gas-lamp from the street without.

Lebeau advanced through the gloom, and quietly seated himself in the corner of the fireplace opposite to Graham before he spoke. "A thousand pardons for disturbing your slumbers, M. Lamb."

Startled then by the voice so near him, Graham raised his head, looked round, and beheld very indistinctly the person seated so near him.

"M. Lebeau?"

"At your service. I promised to give an answer to your question: accept my apologies that it has been deferred so long. I shall not this evening go to our *café*; I took the liberty of calling —"

"M. Lebeau, you are a brick."

"A what, Monsieur! — a *brigue*?"

"I forgot — you are not up to our fashionable London idioms. A brick means a jolly fellow, and it is very kind in you to call. What is your decision?"

"Monsieur, I can give you some information, but it is so slight that I offer it gratis, and forego all thought of undertaking farther inquiries. They could only be prosecuted in another country, and it would not be worth my while to leave Paris on the chance of gaining so trifling a reward as you propose. Judge for yourself. In the year 1849, and in the month of July, Louise Duval left Paris for Aix-la-Chapelle. There she remained some weeks, and then left it. I can learn no farther traces of her movements."

"Aix-la-Chapelle! — what could she do there?"

"It is a Spa in great request; crowded during the summer season with visitors from all countries. She might have gone there for health or for pleasure."

"Do you think that one could learn more at the Spa itself if one went there?"

"Possibly. But it is so long — twenty years ago."

"She might have revisited the place."

"Certainly; but I know no more."

"Was she there under the same name — Duval?"

"I am sure of that."

"Do you think she left it alone, or with

others? You tell me she was awfully *belle* — she might have attracted admirers."

"If," answered Lebeau, reluctantly, "I could believe the report of my informant, Louise Duval left Aix not alone, but with some gallant — not an Englishman. They are said to have parted soon, and the man is now dead. But, speaking frankly, I do not think Mademoiselle Duval would have thus compromised her honour and sacrificed her future. I believe she would have scorned all proposals that were not those of marriage. But all I can say for certainty is, that nothing is known to me of her fate since she quitted Aix-la-Chapelle."

"In 1849 — she had then a child living?"

"A child? I never heard that she had any child; and I do not believe she could have had any child in 1849."

Graham mused. Somewhat less than five years after 1849 Louise Duval had been seen at Aix-la-Chapelle. Possibly she found some attraction at that place, and might yet be discovered there. "Monsieur Lebeau," said Graham, "you know this lady by sight; you would recognize her in spite of the lapse of years. Will you go to Aix and find out there what you can? Of course, expenses will be paid, and the reward will be given if you succeed."

"I cannot oblige you. My interest in this poor lady is not very strong, though I should be willing to serve her, and glad to know she were alive. I have now business on hand which interests me much more, and which will take me from Paris, but not in the direction of Aix."

"If I wrote to my employer, and got him to raise the reward to some higher amount that might make it worth your while?"

"I should still answer that my affairs will not permit such a journey. But if there be any chance of tracing Louise Duval at Aix — and there may be — you would succeed quite as well as I should. You must judge for yourself if it be worth your trouble to attempt such a task; and if you do attempt it, and do succeed, pray let me know. A line to my office will reach me for some little time, even if I am absent from Paris. Adieu, M. Lamb."

Here M. Lebeau rose and departed.

Graham relapsed into thought; but a train of thought much more active, much more concentrated than before. "No," — thus ran his meditations; "no, it would not be safe to employ that man further. The

reasons that forbid me to offer any very high reward for the discovery of this woman operate still more strongly against tendering to her own relation a sum that might indeed secure his aid, but would unquestionably arouse his suspicions, and perhaps drag into light all that must be concealed. Oh this cruel mission! I am, indeed an impostor to myself till it be fulfilled. I will go to Aix, and take Renard with me. I am impatient till I set out, but I cannot quit Paris without once more seeing Isaura. She consents to relinquish the stage; surely I could wean her too from intimate friendship with a woman whose genius has so fatal an effect upon enthusiastic minds. And then — and then?"

He fell into a delightful reverie; and contemplating Isaura as his future wife, he surrounded her sweet image with all those attributes of dignity and respect with which an Englishman is accustomed to invest the destined bearer of his name, the gentle sovereign of his household, the sacred mother of his children. In this picture the more brilliant qualities of Isaura found, perhaps, but faint presentation. Her glow of sentiment, her play of fancy, her artistic yearnings for truths remote, for the invisible fairyland of beautiful romance, receded into the background of the picture. It was all these, no doubt, that had so strengthened and enriched the love at first sight, which had shaken the equilibrium of his positive existence; and yet he now viewed all these as subordinate to the one image of mild decorous matronage into which wedlock was to transform the child of genius, longing for angel wings and unlimited space.

#### CHAPTER V.

ON quitting the sorry apartment of the false M. Lamb, Lebeau walked on with slow steps and bended head, like a man absorbed in thought. He threaded a labyrinth of obscure streets, no longer in the Faubourg Montmartre, and dived at last into one of the few courts which preserve the *cachet* of the *moyen âge* untouched by the ruthless spirit of improvement which, during the Second Empire, has so altered the face of Paris. At the bottom of the Court stood a large house, much dilapidated, but bearing the trace of former grandeur in pilasters and fretwork in the style of the *Renaissance*, and a defaced coat of arms, surmounted with a ducal coronet, over the doorway. The house had the aspect of desertion: many of the windows were broken; others were

jealously closed with mouldering shutters. The door stood ajar; Lebeau pushed it open, and the action set in movement a bell within a porter's lodge. The house, then, was not uninhabited; it retained the dignity of a *concierge*. A man with a large grizzled beard cut square, and holding a journal in his hand, emerged from the lodge, and moved his cap with a certain bluff and surly reverence on recognizing Lebeau.

"What! so early, citizen?"

"Is it too early?" said Lebeau, glancing at his watch. "So it is. I was not aware of the time; but I am tired with waiting. Let me into the *salon*. I will wait for the rest; I shall not be sorry for a little repose."

"*Bon*," said the porter, sententially; "while man reposes *men* advance."

"A profound truth, citizen Le Roux; though, if they advance on a reposing foe, they have blundering leaders unless they march through unguarded by-paths and with noiseless tread."

Following the porter up a dingy broad staircase, Lebeau was admitted into a large room, void of all other furniture than a table, two benches at its sides, and a *fauteuil* at its head. On the mantelpiece there was a huge clock, and some iron sconces were fixed on the panelled walls.

Lebeau flung himself, with a wearied air into the *fauteuil*. The porter looked at him with a kindly expression. He had a liking to Lebeau, whom he had served in his proper profession of messenger or *commissionnaire* before being placed by that courteous employer in the easy post he now held. Lebeau, indeed, had the art, when he pleased, of charming inferiors; his knowledge of mankind allowed him to distinguish peculiarities in each individual, and flatter the *amour propre* by deference to such eccentricities. Marc le Roux, the roughest of "red caps," had a wife of whom he was very proud. He would have called the Empress *Citoyenne Eugénie*, but he always spoke of his wife as Madame. Lebeau won his heart by always asking after Madame.

"You look tired, citizen," said the porter; "let me bring you a glass of wine."

"Thank you, *mon ami*, no. Perhaps later, if I have time, after we break up, to pay my respects to Madame."

The porter smiled, bowed, and retired, muttering, "*Nom d'un petit bonhomme — il n'y a rien de tel que les belles manières.*"

Left alone, Lebeau leaned his elbow on the table, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing into the dim space—for it was now, indeed, night, and little light came through the grim panes of the one window left unclosed by shutters. He was musing deeply. This man was, in much, an enigma to himself. Was he seeking to unriddle it? A strange compound of contradictory elements. In his stormy youth there had been lightning-like flashes of good instincts, of irregular honour, of inconsistent generosity—a puissant wild nature—with strong passions of love and of hate, without fear, but not without shame. In other forms of society that love of applause which had made him seek and exult in the notoriety which he mistook for fame, might have settled down into some solid and useful ambition. He might have become great in the world's eye, for at the service of his desires there were no ordinary talents. Though too true a Parisian to be a severe student, still, on the whole, he had acquired much general information, partly from books, partly from varied commerce with mankind. He had the gift, both by tongue and by pen, of expressing himself with force and warmth—time and necessity had improved that gift. Coveting, during his brief career of fashion, the distinctions which necessitate lavish expenditure, he had been the most reckless of spendthrifts, but the neediness which follows waste had never destroyed his original sense of personal honour. Certainly Victor de Mauléon was not, at the date of his fall, a man to whom the thought of accepting, much less of stealing the jewels of a woman who loved him, could have occurred as a possible question of casuistry between honour and temptation. Nor could that sort of question have, throughout the sternest trials, or the humblest callings to which his after life had been subjected, forced admission into his brain. He was one of those men, perhaps the most terrible though unconscious criminals, who are the offsprings produced by intellectual power and egotistical ambition. If you had offered to Victor de Mauléon the crown of the Cæsars, on condition of his doing one of those base things which "a gentleman" cannot do—pick a pocket, cheat at cards—Victor de Mauléon would have refused the crown. He would not have refused on account of any laws of morality affecting the foundations of the social system, but from the pride of his own personality. "I, Victor de Mauléon!

I pick a pocket! I cheat at cards! I!" But when something incalculably worse for the interests of society than picking a pocket or cheating at cards was concerned;—when, for the sake either of private ambition, or political experiment hitherto untested, and therefore very doubtful, the peace and order and happiness of millions might be exposed to the release of the most savage passions—rushing on revolutionary madness or civil massacre—then this French dare-devil would have been just as unscrupulous as any English philosopher whom a metropolitan borough might elect as its representative. The system of the Empire was in the way of Victor de Mauléon—in the way of his private ambition, in the way of his political dogmas—and therefore it must be destroyed, no matter what nor whom it crushed beneath its ruins. He was one of those plotters of revolutions not uncommon in democracies, ancient and modern, who invoke popular agencies with the less scruple because they have a supreme contempt for the populace. A man with mental powers equal to De Mauléon's, and who sincerely loves the people and respects the grandeur of aspiration with which, in the great upheaving of their masses, they so often contrast the irrational credulities of their ignorance and the blind fury of their wrath, is always exceedingly loath to pass the terrible gulf that divides reform from revolution. He knows how rarely it happens that genuine liberty is not disarmed in the passage, and what sufferings must be undergone by those who live by their labour during the dismal intervals between the sudden destruction of one form of society and the gradual settlement of another. Such a man, however, has no type in a Victor de Mauléon. The circumstances of his life had placed this strong nature at war with society, and corrupted into misanthropy affections that had once been ardent. That misanthropy made his ambition more intense, because it increased his scorn for the human instruments it employed.

Victor de Mauléon knew that, however innocent of the charges that had so long darkened his name, and however—thanks to his rank, his manners, his *savoir vivre*—the aid of Louvier's countenance, and the support of his own high-born connections—he might restore himself to his rightful grade in private life, the higher prizes in public life would scarcely be within reach, to a man of his antecedents and stunted means, in the existent form

and conditions of established political order. Perforce, the aristocrat must make himself democrat if he would become a political chief. Could he assist in turning upside down the actual state of things, he trusted to his individual force of character to find himself among the uppermost in the general *boulevirement*. And in the first stage of popular revolution the mob has no greater darling than the noble who deserts his order, though in the second stage it may guillotine him at the denunciation of his cobbler. A mind so sanguine and so audacious as that of Victor de Mauléon never thinks of the second step if it sees a way to the first.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE room was in complete darkness, save where a ray from a gas-lamp at the mouth of the court came aslant through the window, when citizen Le Roux re-entered, closed the window, lighted two of the sconces, and drew forth from a drawer in the table implements of writing, which he placed thereon noiselessly, as if he feared to disturb M. Lebeau, whose head, buried in his hands, rested on the table. He seemed in a profound sleep. At last the porter gently touched the arm of the slumberer, and whispered in his ear, "It is on the stroke of ten, citizen; they will be here in a minute or so." Lebeau lifted his head drowsily.

"Eh," said he—"what?"

"You have been asleep."

"I suppose so, for I have been dreaming. Ha! I hear the doorbell. I am wide awake now."

The porter left him, and in a few minutes conducted into the *salon* two men wrapped in cloaks, despite the warmth of the summer night. Lebeau shook hands with them silently, not less silently they laid aside their cloaks and seated themselves. Both these men appeared to belong to the upper section of the middle class. One, strongly built, with a keen expression of countenance, was a surgeon considered able in his profession, but with limited practice, owing to a current suspicion against his honour in connection with a forged will. The other, tall, meagre, with long grizzled hair and a wild unsettled look about the eyes, was a man of science; had written works well esteemed upon mathematics and electricity, also against the existence of any other creative power than that which he called "nebulousity," and defined to be the combination of heat and moisture. The sur-



geon was about the age of forty, the atheist a few years older. In another minute or so, a knock was heard against the wall. One of the men rose and touched a spring in the panel, which then flew back, and showed an opening upon a narrow stair, by which, one after the other, entered three other members of the society. Evidently there was more than one mode of ingress and exit.

The three new-comers were not Frenchmen—one might see that at a glance; probably they had reasons for greater precaution than those who entered by the front door. One, a tall, powerfully-built man, with fair hair and beard, dressed with a certain pretension to elegance—faded threadbare elegance—exhibiting no appearance of linen, was a Pole. One—a slight bald man, very dark and sallow—was an Italian. The third, who seemed like an *ouvrier* in his holiday clothes, was a Belgian.

Lebeau greeted them all with an equal courtesy, and each with an equal silence took his seat at the table.

Lebeau glanced at the clock. "*Confrères*," he said, "our number, as fixed for this *séance*, still needs two to be complete, and doubtless they will arrive in a few minutes. Till they come, we can but talk upon trifles. Permit me to offer you my cigar-case." And so saying, he who professed to be no smoker, handed his next neighbour, who was the Pole, a large cigar-case amply furnished; and the Pole, helping himself to two cigars, handed the case to the man next him—two only declining the luxury, the Italian and the Belgian. But the Pole was the only man who took two cigars.

Steps were now heard on the stairs, the door opened, and citizen Le Roux ushered in, one after the other, two men, this time unmistakably French—to an experienced eye unmistakably Parisians: the one a young beardless man, who seemed almost boyish, with a beautiful face, and a stunted, meagre frame; the other, a stalwart man of about eight-and-twenty, dressed partly as an *ouvrier*, not in his Sunday clothes, rather affecting the *blouse*,—not that he wore that antique garment, but that he was in rough costume unbrushed and stained, with thick shoes and coarse stockings, and a workman's cap. But of all who gathered round the table at which M. Lebeau presided, he had the most distinguished exterior. A virile honest exterior, a massive open forehead, intelligent eyes, a handsome clear-cut incisive profile, and solid jaw. The expression of

the face was stern, but not mean—an expression which might have become an ancient baron as well as a modern workman—in it plenty of haughtiness and of will, and still more of self-esteem.

"*Confrères*," said Lebeau, rising, and every eye turned to him, "our number for the present *séance* is complete. To business. Since we last met, our cause has advanced with rapid and not with noiseless stride. I need not tell you that Louis Bonaparte has virtually abnegated *Les idées Napoléoniennes*—a fatal mistake for him, a glorious advance for us. The liberty of the press must very shortly be achieved, and with it personal government must end. When the autocrat once is compelled to go by the advice of his Ministers, look for sudden changes. His Ministers will be but weathercocks, turned hither and thither according as the wind chops at Paris; and Paris is the temple of the winds. The new revolution is almost at hand." (Murmurs of applause.) "It would move the laughter of the Tuileries and its Ministers, of the Bourse and of its gamblers, of every dainty *salon* of this silken city of would-be philosophers and wits, if they were told that here within this mouldering *baraque*, eight men, so little blest by fortune, so little known to fame as ourselves, met to concert the fall of an empire. The Government would not deem us important enough to notice our existence."

"I know not that," interrupted the Pole.

"Ah, pardon," resumed the orator; "I should have confined my remark to the *five* of us who are French. I did injustice to the illustrious antecedents of our foreign allies. I know that you, Thaddeus Loubisky—that you, Leonardo Raskell—have been too eminent for hands hostile to tyrants not to be marked with a black cross in the books of the police. I know that you, Jan Vanderstegen, if hitherto unscarred by those wounds in defence of freedom which despots and cowards would fain miscall the brands of the felon, still owe it to your special fraternity to keep your movements rigidly concealed. The tyrant would suppress the International Society, and forbids it the liberty of congress. To you three is granted the secret entrance to our council-hall. But we Frenchmen are as yet safe in our supposed insignificance. *Confrères*, permit me to impress on you the causes why, insignificant as we seem, we are really formidable. In the first place, we are few: the great mistake in

most secret associations has been to admit many councillors; and disunion enters wherever many tongues can wrangle. In the next place, though so few in council, we are legion when the time comes for action; because we are representative men, each of his own section, and each section is capable of an indefinite expansion.

"You, valiant Pole—you, politic Italian—enjoy the confidence of thousands now latent in unwatched homes and harmless callings, but who, when you lift a finger, will, like the buried dragon's teeth, spring up into armed men. You, Jan Vanderstegen, the trusted delegate from Verviers, that swarming camp of wronged labour in its revolt from the iniquities of capital—you, when the hour arrives, can touch the wire that flashes the telegram 'Arise' through all the lands in which workmen combine against their oppressors.

"Of us five Frenchmen, let me speak more modestly. You—sage and scholar—Felix Ruvigny, honoured alike for the profundity of your science and the probity of your manners, induced to join us by your abhorrence of priestcraft and superstition—you have a wide connection among all the enlightened reasoners who would emancipate the mind of man from the trammels of Church-born fable—and when the hour arrives in which it is safe to say, '*Delenda est Roma*,' you know where to find the pens that are more victorious than swords against a Church and a Creed. You" (turning to the surgeon)—"you, Gaspard le Noy, whom a vile calumny has robbed of the throne in your profession, so justly due to your skill—you, nobly scorning the rich and great, have devoted yourself to tend and heal the humble and the penniless, so that you have won the popular title of the '*Médecin des Pauvres*,'—when the time comes wherein soldiers shall fly before the *sans-culottes*, and the mob shall begin the work which they who move mobs will complete, the clients of Gaspard le Noy will be the avengers of his wrongs.

"You, Armand Monnier, simple *ouvrier*, but of illustrious parentage, for your grandsire was the beloved friend of the virtuous Robespierre, your father perished a hero and a martyr in the massacre of the *coup d'état*; you, cultured in the eloquence of Robespierre himself, and in the persuasive philosophy of Robespierre's teacher, Rousseau—you, the idolized orator of the Red Republicans—you will be indeed a chief of daunt-

less bands when the trumpet sounds for battle. Young publicist and poet, Gustave Rameau—I care not which you are at present, I know what you will be soon—you need nothing for the development of your powers over the many but an organ for their manifestation. Of that anon. I now descend into the bathos of egotism. I am compelled lastly to speak of myself. It was at Marseilles and Lyons, as you already know, that I first conceived the plan of this representative association. For years before I had been in familiar intercourse with the friends of freedom—that is, with the foes of the Empire. They are not all poor. Some few are rich and generous. I do not say these rich and few concur in the ultimate objects of the poor and many. But they concur in the first object, the demolition of that which exists—the Empire. In the course of my special calling of negotiator or agent in the towns of the *Midi*, I formed friendships with some of these prosperous malcontents. And out of these friendships I conceived the idea which is embodied in this council.

"According to that conception, while the council may communicate as it will with all societies, secret or open, having revolution for their object, the council refuses to merge itself in any other confederation: it stands aloof and independent; it declines to admit into its code any special articles of faith in a future beyond the bounds to which it limits its design and its force. That design unites us; to go beyond would divide. We all agree to destroy the Napoleonic dynasty; none of us might agree as to what we should place in its stead. All of us here present might say, 'A republic.' Ay, but of what kind? Vanderstegen would have it socialistic; Monnier goes further, and would have it communistic, on the principles of Fourier; Le Noy adheres to the policy of Danton, and would commence the republic by a reign of terror; our Italian ally abhors the notion of general massacre, and advocates individual assassination. Ruvigny would annihilate the worship of a Deity; Monnier holds, with Voltaire and Robespierre, that 'if there were no Deity, it would be necessary to Man to create one.' *Bref*, we could not agree upon any plan for the new edifice, and therefore we refuse to discuss one till the ploughshare has gone over the ruins of the old. But I have another and more practical reason for keeping our council distinct from all societies with professed objects beyond that of demolition.

We need a certain command of money. It is I who bring to you that, and—how? Not from my own resources; they but suffice to support myself. Not by contributions from *ouvriers*, who, as you well know, will subscribe only for their own ends in the victory of workmen over masters. I bring money to you from the coffers of the rich malcontents. Their politics are not those of most present; their politics are what they term moderate. Some are indeed for a republic, but for a republic strong in defence of order, in support of property; others—and they are the more numerous and the more rich—for a constitutional monarchy, and, if possible, for the abridgement of universal suffrage, which, in their eyes, tends only to anarchy in the towns and arbitrary rule under priestly influence in the rural districts. They would not subscribe a *sou* if they thought it went to further the designs whether of Ruvinny the atheist, or of Monnier, who would enlist the Deity of Rousseau on the side of the *drapeau rouge*—not a *sou* if they knew I had the honour to boast such *confrères* as I see around me. They subscribe, as we concert, for the fall of Bonaparte. The policy I adopt I borrow from the policy of the English Liberals. In England, potent *millionnaires*, high-born dukes, devoted Churchmen, belonging to the Liberal party, accept the services of men who look forward to measures which would ruin capital, eradicate aristocracy, and destroy the Church, provided these men combine with them in some immediate step onward against the Tories. They have a proverb which I thus adapt to French localities: If a train passes Fontainebleau on its way to Marseilles, why should I not take it to Fontainebleau because other passengers are going on to Marseilles?

"*Confrères*, it seems to me the moment has come when we may venture some of the fund placed at my disposal to other purposes than those to which it has been hitherto devoted. I propose, therefore, to set up a journal under the auspices of Gustave Rameau as editor-in-chief—a journal which, if he listen to my advice, will create no small sensation. It will begin with a tone of impartiality: it will refrain from all violence of invective; it will have wit, it will have sentiment, and eloquence; it will win its way into the *salons* and *cafés* of educated men; and then, and then, when it does change from polished satire into fierce denunciation and sides with the *blouses*, its effect will

be startling and terrific. Of this I will say more to Citizen Rameau in private. To you I need not enlarge upon the fact that, at Paris, a combination of men, though immeasurably superior to us in status or influence, without a journal at command, is nowhere; with such a journal, written not to alarm but to seduce fluctuating opinions, a combination of men immeasurably inferior to us may be anywhere.

"*Confrères*, this affair settled, I proceed to distribute amongst you sums of which each who receives will render me an account, except our valued *Confrère* the Pole. All that we can subscribe to the cause of humanity, a representative of Poland requires for himself." (A suppressed laugh among all but the Pole, who looked round with a grave, imposing air, as much as to say, "What is there to laugh at?—a simple truth.")

M. Lebeau then presented to each of his *confrères* a sealed envelope, containing no doubt a bank-note, and perhaps also private instructions as to its disposal. It was one of his rules to make the amount of any sum granted to an individual member of the society from the fund at his disposal a confidential secret between himself and the recipient. Thus jealousy was avoided if the sums were unequal; and unequal they generally were. In the present instance the two largest sums were given to the *Médecin des Pauvres* and to the delegate from Verviers. Both were no doubt to be distributed among "the poor," at the discretion of the trustee appointed.

Whatever rules with regard to the distribution of money M. Lebeau laid down were acquiesced in without demur, for the money was found exclusively by himself, and furnished without the pale of the Secret Council, of which he had made himself founder and dictator. Some other business was then discussed, sealed reports from each member were handed to the president, who placed them unopened in his pocket, and resumed—

"*Confrères*, our *séance* is now concluded. The period for our next meeting must remain indefinite, for I myself shall leave Paris as soon as I have set on foot the journal on the details of which I will confer with Citizen Rameau. I am not satisfied with the progress made by the two travelling missionaries who complete our Council of Ten; and though I do not question their zeal, I think my experience may guide it if I take a journey to the towns of Bordeaux and Marseilles,

where they now are. But should circumstances demanding concert or action arise, you may be sure that I will either summon a meeting or transmit instructions to such of our members as may be most usefully employed. For the present, *confrères*, you are relieved. Remain only you, dear young author."

## CHAPTER VII.

LEFT alone with Gustave Rameau, the President of the Secret Council remained silently musing for some moments; but his countenance was no longer moody and overcast—his nostrils were dilated, as in triumph—there was a half-smile of pride on his lips. Rameau watched him curiously and admiringly. The young man had the impressionable, excitable temperament common to Parisian genius—especially when it nourishes itself on abstinence. He enjoyed the romance of belonging to a secret society; he was acute enough to recognize the sagacity by which this small conclave was kept out of those crazed combinations for impracticable theories more likely to lead adventurers to the Tarpeian Rock than to the Capitol; while yet those crazed combinations might, in some critical moment, become strong instruments in the hands of practical ambition. Lebeau fascinated him, and took colossal proportions in his intoxicated vision—vision indeed intoxicated at this moment, for before it floated the realized image of his aspirations,—a journal of which he was to be the editor-in-chief—in which his poetry, his prose, should occupy space as large as he pleased—through which his name, hitherto scarce known beyond a literary clique, would resound in *salon* and club and *café*, and become a familiar music on the lips of fashion. And he owed this to the man seated there,—a prodigious man!

"*Cher poëte*," said Lebeau, breaking silence, "it gives me no mean pleasure to think I am opening a career to one whose talents fit him for those goals on which they who reach write names that posterity shall read. Struck with certain articles of yours in the journal made celebrated by the wit and gaiety of Savarin, I took pains privately to inquire into your birth, your history, connections, antecedents. All confirmed my first impression, that you were exactly the writer I wish to secure to our cause. I therefore sought you in your rooms, un-introduced and a stranger, in order to express my admiration of your compositions. *Bref*,

we soon became friends; and after comparing minds, I admitted you at your request, into this Secret Council. Now, in proposing to you the conduct of the journal I would establish, for which I am prepared to find all necessary funds, I am compelled to make imperative conditions. Nominally you will be editor-in-chief: that station, if the journal succeeds, will secure you position and fortune; if it fail, you fail with it. But we will not speak of failure; I must have it succeed. Our interest, then, is the same. Before that interest all puerile vanities fade away. Nominally, I say, you are editor-in-chief; but all the real work of editing will, at first, be done by others."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rameau, aghast and stunned. Lebeau resumed—

"To establish the journal I propose needs more than the genius of youth; it needs the tact and experience of mature years."

Rameau sank back on his chair with a sullen sneer on his pale lips. Decidedly Lebeau was not so great a man as he had thought.

"A certain portion of the journal," continued Lebeau, "will be exclusively appropriated to your pen."

Rameau's lip lost the sneer.

"But your pen must be therein restricted to compositions of pure fancy, disporting in a world that does not exist; or, if on graver themes connected with the beings of the world that does exist, the subjects will be dictated to you and revised. Yet even in the higher departments of a journal intended to make way at its first start, we need the aid, not indeed of men who write better than you, but of men whose fame is established—whose writings, good or bad, the public run to read, and will find good even if they are bad. You must consign one column to the playful comments and witticisms of Savarin."

"Savarin? But he has a journal of his own. He will not, as an author, condescend to write in one just set up by me. And as a politician, he as certainly will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. If he care for politics at all, he is a constitutionalist, an Orleanist."

"*Enfant!* as an author Savarin will condescend to contribute to your journal, 1stly, because it in no way attempts to interfere with his own; 2ndly—I can tell you a secret—Savarin's journal no longer suffices for his existence; he has sold more than two-thirds of its property;

he is in debt, and his creditor is urgent ; and to-morrow you will offer Savarin 30,000 francs for one column from his pen, and signed by his name, for two months from the day the journal starts. He will accept, partly because the sum will clear off the debt that hampers him, partly because he will take care that the amount becomes known ; and that will help him to command higher terms for the sale of the remaining shares in the journal he now edits, for the new book which you told me he intended to write, and for the new journal which he will be sure to set up as soon as he has disposed of the old one. You say that, as a politician, Savarin, an Orleanist, will not aid in an ultra-democratic revolution. Who asks him to do so ? Did I not imply at the meeting that we commence our journal with politics the mildest ? Though revolutions are not made with rose-water, it is rose-water that nourishes their roots. The polite cynicism of authors, read by those who float on the surface of society, prepares the way for the social ferment in its depths. Had there been no Voltaire there would have been no Camille Desmoulins. Had there been no Diderot, there would have been no Marat. We start as polite cynics. Of all cynics Savarin is the politest. But when I bid high for him, it is his clique that I bid for. Without his clique he is but a wit ; with his clique, a power. Partly out of that clique, partly out of a circle beyond it, which Savarin can more or less influence, I select ten. Here is the list of them ; study it. *Entre nous*, I esteem their writings as little as I do artificial flies ; but they are the artificial flies at which, in this particular season of the year, the public rise. You must procure at least five of the ten ; and I leave you *carte blanche* as to the terms. Savarin gained, the best of them will be proud of being his associates. Observe, none of these *messieurs* of brilliant imagination are to write political articles ; those will be furnished to you anonymously, and inserted without erasure or omission. When you have secured Savarin, and five at least of the *collaborateurs* in the list, write me at my office. I give you four days to do this ; and the day the journal starts you enter into the income of 15,000 francs a-year, with a rise in salary proportioned to profits. Are you contented with the terms ?

"Of course I am ; but supposing I do not gain the aid of Savarin, or five at least of the list you give, which I see at a glance contains names the most *à la mode*

in this kind of writing, more than one of them of high social rank, whom it is difficult for me even to approach — if, I say, I fail ?"

"What ! with a *carte blanche* of terms ? fie ! Are you a Parisian ? Well, to answer you frankly, if you fail in so easy a task, you are not the man to edit our journal, and I shall find another. *Allez, courage !* Take my advice ; see Savarin the first thing to-morrow morning. Of course my name and calling you will keep a profound secret from him as from all. Say as mysteriously as you can that parties you are forbidden to name instruct you to treat with M. Savarin, and offer him the terms I have specified, the 30,000 francs paid to him in advance the moment he signs the simple memorandum of agreement. The more mysterious you are, the more you will impose — that is, wherever you offer money and don't ask for it."

Here Lebeau took up his hat, and, with a courteous nod of adieu, lightly descended the gloomy stairs.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
BYZANTINE ANATOLIA.

SOMEBODY once said, and probably thought himself uncommonly clever for saying it, that broken bottles — empty soda-water bottles is a popular, but I do not know if a correct, version — will one day be the only abiding memorial of British rule in India. Like most of these extremely smart epigrams, the remark combined a small amount of superficial truth with a much larger quantity of real misstatement. But when the long predicted day arrives for the Osmanlee to strike the tent he has for so many centuries pitched over some of the very fairest portions of God's earth, I wonder what except broken bottles will remain behind to denote the spot of his protracted encampment. Not literal but metaphorical bottles, of course, for neither beer nor wine nor even soda-water are — the more's the pity — common enough articles of consumption in the lands of the Crescent to furnish any large amount of vitreous relics ; when Osmanlees do violate the anti-alcoholic precepts of their law, it is ordinarily with the vilest rakee ; and that unwholesome fluid is wont to be dispensed, not in bottles, but in misshapen jars of congenial ugliness and coarseness. No ; breakages in plenty he will have, only they will not be of glass,



but of far more precious things ; and not of what he imported with him, like the English ware in the hypothesis, but of what he found more or less entire when he came, and afterwards broke on his own account.

This, where I am now writing, is the Osmanlee's own proper land, this his camping-ground of predilection — Anatolia, the birthplace of his wide-extended empire, its cradle, its stronghold, its reserve hope. And here all around me I see Pontine breakages, Greek breakages, Roman breakages, Byzantine breakages, Armenian breakages, Seljook breakages, not to mention some minor breakages of less world-spread fame, such as Turkoman, Mingrelian and Georgian ; all these there are and will mostly be still remaining too, no doubt, when reckoning-day comes. Nor do I say that they may not, each in its kind, be regarded as Osmanlee breakages after a sort ; since they are of things which either he found whole and broke them, or found them broken, and broke them still more. Only of what he has himself brought, himself made, there will be left after the first ten years next to nothing, and after fifty absolutely nothing at all. Relics of Osmanlee labour, of Osmanlee magnificence, of Osmanlee science, art, skill, learning, industry, there will be hardly any, or none — for the simple reason that he will leave none which can, even at the most liberal computation, outlast half a century. True ; the lively author of *Morning Land* claims an exception in favour of "heaps of broken gravestones." But even this, if we embrace half a century in our prospective view, cannot be admitted ; for the tombstones are scratched rather than carved ; the feeble and exceptional attempts at a mausoleum are as flimsy as the other constructions ; and the vestiges of the dead Osmanlee are evidently fated to not less speedy obliteration than those of the living.

Even at the capital, where the Osmanlee has concentrated his whole energy in an effort not over-successful there, and most ruinous to his dominions elsewhere, at the expense of which that capital has been patched up, these remarks are correct in the main ; in the provinces they are absolutely so. And certainly in the frontier corner of the empire, east of Trebizond, where the *Classic Atlas* marks the uncertain limits of Pontus and Colchis, and where myself and my companions — the usual eastern medley of colour and race — have now been for ten weeks wan-

dering — zig-zagging I might call it, were not the word inadmissible from its affected uncouthness — among the mountains, dolomitic or otherwise, of that wild region, we have seen, broadly speaking, only one clear and strongly marked sign of Osmanlee rule — that is, ruin.

Needless to say, our journeyings have been all on horseback, except indeed where the unmanageable steepness or dangerous narrowness of the path compelled us to dismount even from those surest-footed of all known quadrupeds, Anatolian nags ; for in these favoured regions of countless railroad concessions and projected lines, the most primitive waggon-road that ever led from an English "-ham" to a "-bro" is an unknown luxury. That highways will be constructed throughout the Ottoman dominions, are constructed, are daily traversed by whole processions of wheeled conveyances, are delusions which Mr. Farley of Bristol and his disciples may possibly entertain, but in which a traveller through his Sultan's Majesty's dominions will hardly share. Horses, mules, camels, asses, even the classical caravan is still, as in the days of Mahomet II. or Marco Polo, the picturesque but clumsy and costly means of transport for the merchandise of the gorgeous East. Here they come — now hidden, now re-appearing between the deep-wooded windings of the mountain side ; one can hear their jangling bells at a mile's distance. An endless file of raw-boned sinewy beasts, each with its crimson tassel, or glittering brass star, or some other gewgaw charm against the evil eye, at its collar, and a couple of more or less evenly balanced packages, secured by a more complicated tackle of rope than ever Ulysses tied round his sea-chest, dangling at its sides ; all crowding, pushing, jostling, stumbling over the rock steps of the narrow pathway ; not unfrequently, too, hustling each other right off the edge to a fall of many hundred feet into the ravine below, where, with a crash or two on the stones, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest — that is, so far as the mule's future is concerned ; unless some lucky shrub intervenes to stay the over-rapid descent. Alongside, behind them, trudge on foot the grey-coated, sheep-skin-capped, heavy-limbed, heavy-featured, pale-eyed Turkoman drivers, who with thong and cry have brought them from the great plains across the Persian frontier. Or it is a string of huge woolly camels, most powerful and ungainliest of

their kind, swaying along beneath their loads as they thrust out their shaggy snaky necks in an aimless fashion from side to side, and frightening our nags into a desperate scramble to get out of the way up the mountain slope; for the secular terror of the horse at sight or even at smell of the camel is not in the least diminished since the days of Herodotus; though how it originated, or why it is kept up, seeing that the camel for his part manifests no disposition except that of the most absolute indifference towards the horse, is a problem which might tax the ingenuity of a Darwin himself to solve. Grazing and loitering as it goes, accomplishing barely twelve or fourteen miles a day, and taking a month to get over ground which, with decent roads and proper conveyances, might easily be traversed, and at one-fourth of the cost, too, in a week, the caravan, like the Ten Thousand of old, salutes the sea at Trebizond. There on the appropriate resting-place of "Giaour Meidan," or "Unbelievers' Square," a large open space at the entry of the town, in the Perso-European or "unbelieving" quarter—for in Turkish opinion a Persian's creed is hardly more orthodox than a Christian's, if at all—it deposits the products of Central Asia; and then, laden in exchange with European merchandise, winds slowly back, as it came, to Persia.

But whoever would witness at Trebizond this not uninteresting spectacle, as characteristic of the Ottoman East as the stage coach and the lumbering van once were of England, must hasten his visit to these shores, whence caravans and caravan drivers are fast passing away. Not, however, owing to any more expeditious substitute introduced by the Osmanlee, who, content with levying absurd transit-dues, and harassing merchants and muleteers alike by custom-house vexations and frontier annoyances, leaves the rest to circumstance and chance; but by the competitive energy of the Russians, masters of the long-disused but rival Caucasian route. Caravans are soon distanced by steam-engines; and the railroad that has this very year connected Tiflis with the Black Sea coast, and promises soon to reach the frontiers of Persia itself, has already appropriated to itself more than half the traffic that formerly cumbered the "Unbelievers' Square," or crammed the massive warehouses—the largest is Byzantine in construction and date—of Trebizond.

However, the seriousness of the im-

pending loss—for Trebizond, in spite of its almost pre-historical memories and high-sounding name, would, if deprived of its intercourse with Persia, soon sink into a mere coast village, remarkable for nothing but its ruined Comnenian castle—roused at last even Ottoman apathy into something of an effort. A real road, a carriage road, from Trebizond to Persia, was resolved on, was begun, and even, after a fashion, was completed.

Now, so it is that Turks—modern Turks, I mean—very slow hands at commencing any work, public or private, of real utility, are slower still at finishing it; while as to keeping it up, or repairing it, that is what they never think of at all. From a mosque to a sentry-box, from a palace to a policeman's jacket, so soon as the object—no matter how costly at first or how necessary—has once begun to go to wrack, it may follow on in the same direction as long as it pleases, even to the "bitter end." A new article of the same sort may perhaps, regardless of expense, be provided; but as to the old one, not a brick will be replaced, not a tile re-arranged, not a board nailed up, not a stitch bestowed in time or out of it. Were I general family tutor, or governess, or something of the kind to the "young idea" of the Turkish generation, "For want of a nail," with the rest of that rhythmical nursery wisdom, should be the Alpha and the Omega of my daily lessons. Unfortunately, that lesson, so far as the Osmanlee is concerned, is still to learn; and experience, say what the wise ones may, is for human beings in general, not for Stuarts and Bourbons alone, the least effective of teachers.

Let us judge for ourselves. So we leave behind the brown Byzantine walls of volcanic stone, tower and battlement, and the card-paper lath-and-plaster houses clustered beneath their shadow, among black cypress-spears, and glistening-orchard foliage—in a word, Trebizond generally, ancient and modern, lazily basking in the hot mid-day July sun; and winding our way past the harbour cliffs, enter on the broad Pyxites valley, the Persian winter route, which it is our programme to follow for some distance. And behold, our horses canter side by side with tolerable ease and freedom along a macadamized road. But, alas! not for long. This fair portion of the highway, which is only five or six miles in length, is that completed some years since by some French engineers, who,

after laying down the general line of route, and getting through with the more serious difficulties of the work, were rather unceremoniously dismissed to make room for a fat Osmanlee head-engineer with a Turkish staff. Forced labour — that curse of the East — was now brought into play; and after the road had been patched up in an incomplete fashion, it was pronounced finished, and has since then been left to take care of itself, amid the rains, storms, snows, and other vagaries of the Pontic climate.

It is now, of course, in full progress through the three phases common to everything at the mercy of Osmanlee administration — slovenliness, dilapidation, and, lastly, disappearance. The macadam broken up into pits and hollows that would upset a Devonshire cart; the side-cuttings slipping down in huge shell-like masses which already encroach on half the breadth of the way, and threaten soon to bury it altogether; embankments which, in obedience to the laws of gravity, are fast enticing the entire road to join them company at the bottom of the ravines below; watercourses that, disdainng restraint, wander fancy-free over the path, and furnish the unexpected variety of quagmires in the driest weather; in short, I fear that for the few miles that we availed ourselves of this master-specimen of Ottoman industry, it hardly conveyed either to the hoofs of the horses, or the minds of their riders, those impressions of unqualified admiration with which the constructors themselves regard the result of their engineering skill.

"Have you any such roads in Europe?" enquires of me, in the tone of conscious triumph, a red-capped, black-coated, shirt-collarless official, who has ridden thus far, *honoris causa*, at my side. With becoming gravity I reply, that for Europe in general I could not adequately answer, but that in England, to the best of my recollections, we certainly had not.

Such, however, as the road is, our, or rather our horses', enjoyment of it is brief; for our route soon ceases to coincide with its direction, and strikes off by a narrow transverse horse-track, that is generally adopted by summer travellers; for in winter the Khazeklee Pass, as it is called, 8,600 feet above the sea, and up which we have to scramble, is a hopeless waste of deep snow. So turning up a wild wooded gorge we begin the ascent; and from henceforth till we reach the town of Beyboort, in what once was Armenia, after a ride of about eighty

miles across the entire mountain tract intervening between the Black Sea and the central highlands of Anatolia, we bid farewell, not to Osmanlee public works only, but also to almost every trace of Osmanlee rule and nationality whatever.

"Government extends as far as the town gates," says an Arab proverb, relative to Turkish rule in Syria; and no one who has passed some time in that country can have failed to remark that, once beyond city limits, impoverishment and ruin are in fact almost the only indications that the Osmanlee is lord of the land. It is the same here, with this difference only, that instead of being Arab, the population, customs, buildings, all things, whether of the present or the past, are in the main Greek.

Not "Greek" in the "Hellenic" sense of the word, for, search as I might, I could discover no facts to warrant the pleasing belief entertained by some, that genuine unchanged relics of the classic colonies once planted along these shores are still to be found here, guarded from foreign admixture by the triple defence of precipitous mountain, dense forest, and stormy sea. Such vestiges may indeed have lingered long, but they have now entirely disappeared under two thousand years of climatic influence, intermarriage, and the many wars and changes that have passed over the region. The "Greek" here does not bear the title of "Hellenos," but "Room," i.e. Byzantine; and it is to Byzantine colonization, settled here during the first ages of the empire, and afterwards largely re-inforced by the immigrants who fled from the barbarity of the Latin captors of Constantinople to the refuge offered by the Comnenian sceptre, that the inhabitants of these mountains, whether Christian or Mahometan, alike owe their language and their descent.

From the sea-shore up to a height of about five thousand feet, these Greek, or Byzantine, villages are tolerably numerous, and have all much the same character. We clamber up by what would elsewhere be called a mere goat track, but here is dignified by the title of a road, amid the incomparably lovely scenery of these mountain sides, beneath the green lights and green shades of beech, alder, walnut, maple, chestnut, and ash overhead, by fantastic jutting masses of volcanic rock; while deep below the foaming torrent of the Aschyros, or the Kalopotamos, or the Saleros, rushes and raves with ceaseless roar through the black gorge; then sud-

denly we emerge on patches of luxuriant maize and hemp, clinging at what one might have thought an impossible angle to the mountain side; the ledge broadens out somewhat, and we find ourselves at the little Greek-named village Stauros, or Aghalos, or the like, where we intend to draw bridle for a noonday halt. Along the wayside are half-a-dozen open shops, where muleteers' gear, straps, nosebags, saddlebags, and similar articles, all of the gayest colours and the clumsiest forms, along with horse-shoes — if the rough iron plates with a small hole in the middle that are here fastened on the hoof deserve the name — coarse tobacco, cigarette paper, sour apples — all fruit here is eaten sour — a few dirty eggs, soapy-looking clots of cheese, and so forth. Not far off is a little building: if it happens to be oblong in form and points eastward, you recognize it for a church; if square, and with its entrance to the north, it is a mosque — in either case it is totally devoid of outside ornament, except the invariable whitewash of the country. As to the peasants' houses, wooden frameworks filled up with rubble, scattered as at random up and down the slopes, each in its own field, with its own little gourd-growing garden, suggesting the idea — a not improbable one, in fact — that everybody has quarrelled with his neighbour, and wishes to live as far away from him as possible; the inmates may be Christian or Mahometan equally for anything that the external architecture declares. Poverty is a great leveller of creeds as of everything else; and a separate harem accomodation supposes an amount of wealth and ease which is far from being realized by any Pontic peasant of our day. Besides, the whole of the house-work, and a good half of the field-work too, is performed by the women; a state of things which naturally renders impossible that absolute seclusion — or, one might more justly say, elimination — of the fair sex in which the town-living Mahometan delights.

Nor does the unwelcome fact that every female form in view, after stopping an instant to get a preliminary peep at the travellers, draws her blue wrapper close over her lovely face, and even with discourteous shyness turns her broad back upon you, do much to decide in what religion the hamlet delights; for, in the semi-barbarism of Anatolia, Greek and Armenian ladies hardly enjoy wider freedom of seeing and being seen than Mahometan. But I remark that every

male head is invested with a turban, or with something that does duty for one, from the yellow flowered rag, bound wisp-like round the cap of the lad who holds my horse as I dismount, to the more voluminous white foldings that give a sort of dignity to the hard, weather-worn faces of the elders of the village, who have come up to welcome and to stare at the new arrival. Hence I know them to be Mahometans, for the Christian head, if adorned by anything in addition to the universal red scull-cap of the East, would have a dark-coloured handkerchief tied round it; nor would its fold imitate the distinctive turban, but rather resemble that adopted by an invalid suffering from facile neuralgia. Another indication of the Mahometan is the clipped and shorn look; the hair cut close, the beard and mustachios trimmed — this was a special recommendation of the Prophet's — while the Christian peasant revels in a profusion of lank, depending hair, and side-locks that might do honour to a Lithuanian Jew; and his beard, if not shaved about a fortnight ago — I have never had the good luck of meeting one whose toilet day could have been much within that period — is, like his mustachios, left to the irregular luxuriance of nature. Not only in person, too, but in clothes, the Mahometan is generally the cleaner of the two. What, however, most distinguishes him from his Christian fellow-peasant is his hospitality.

Two classes are in general eminently hospitable throughout the East: one, the old-established — not the modern — Levantine; the other, the Mahometan. Of the former I have not here room to speak; their *habitat* is not within my present beat, nor, indeed — the Ægean coast excepted — in any part of Asia Minor. But the Mahometan, whatever his nationality, is in this respect much the same everywhere; it is a part of the Arab tradition of his code; and even extreme poverty and a far-distant latitude do not render the peasants of Pontus an exception to the rule. Hence I should strongly advise travellers in Anatolia to avail themselves of the creature comforts which Mahometan lodgings provide, rather than of the religious sympathies which make up the staple of Greek or Armenian hospitality. In other respects there is little difference. Whatever its creed, each village manages its own affairs, chooses, by an irregular sort of election, its own "Mukhtar" or headman; repairs or neglects its own paths and watercourses, builds or deco-

rates its own church or mosque, supports its own Imam or priest, as the case may be, and sometimes manages to keep up a kind of primary school, in which reading and writing are sufficiently taught to be, in nineteen cases out of twenty, wholly forgotten as life goes on. With Government they rarely have anything to do, except when reminded of its existence by a visit from the tax-collector, or a summons to supply forced and unpaid labour for some object in which they have about as much interest as the inhabitants of Japan. On these occasions the headman is considered a responsible party, and is often made the scapegoat for the shortcomings of the community; for everything else he is left to exercise over his neighbours an authority of which the more or the less is chiefly determined by his own personal aptness for the position which he holds.

Greek is the language spoken by all, exclusively indeed by some, though in the Mahometan day schools, where they exist, a little Turkish is sometimes taught; and those among the men who more frequently go down to the coast for the sale of their village produce and the like, pick up the latter idiom. The women, more stay-at-home than the men, know only Greek; but such as Pericles or Xenophon himself, though he did once visit these mountains, would have considerable difficulty in understanding, so mixed is it with Slavonian and other dialects, including, I think, the aboriginal Pontic. Still the groundwork is Greek — *ποταμός* is a river, *γάλα* milk, *κρέας* meat, *φῶς*, fire, and so on. The features of both sexes too, in spite of a certain serious and independent air which Mahometanism appears generally to confer on its followers, are distinctly Byzantine: long, fallow, high nosed, with hair and eyes mostly of a dark brown, occasionally lighter, and even auburn; the mouth usually well shaped, the expression by no means unintelligent, but often cunning, even sinister. Their stature is middling, their limbs slender, but active and strong.

Here and there, however, especially among the Mahometans, a different type crops up, tall, well built, with light grey eyes, auburn hair, and a certain clearness of complexion alien from the muddy skin of Byzantine Greek, Turkish, Turkoman, or Armenian, fairer too than the Kurde, or any of the southern races. I am inclined to think that the individuals of this description represent the aboriginal Pontic stock, which seems to have been akin to the neighbouring Caucasian families

— Georgian, Mingrelian, Abaze, and the rest. Lastly, the relics of the old autocratic "Dereh-Begs," or hereditary landowners, still linger here, but shorn of their semi-feudal power and state. Their title and parentage derive in most instances from some Janissary or "Sipahi" of the sixteenth or seventeenth century: Greek, Albanian, Servian, Croat. Who can now tell which of the "tribute children," or of the many renegades of those times, was their father? these Japhets are not much in the habit of searching after theirs.

But the "trail of the serpent," the Byzantine character, is over all; and it remains unfortunately much the same as it appears to have been in the days of the Comneni and Palæologi; it has not perhaps deteriorated; indeed of that there was hardly a possibility, but it certainly has not improved. Perhaps, under the circumstances, that was not much to be expected. Certainly as we now know them, they are versatile rather than clever, cunning rather than intelligent, and quarrelsome rather than brave. Each village has at least one feud on hand; the ordinary cause being either "lovely woman," or the disputed limits of some pasture range in the grazing grounds that extend upward from the forest belt almost to the summit of the granite mountain crest. These feuds are often bloody; but there is little fair fighting. A long shot from the shelter of a boulder, or a hatchet-cut from behind in a narrow path, exemplify the ordinary procedures. Sometimes a field of standing harvest is hacked and wasted in the night, or ricks and cowsheds burned, or a well choked up — all cowardly doings, that have a strong flavour of the lower Greek empire in them. Domestic virtue too is at a low ebb. The hamlet of these regions is in this respect scarcely better off than the town.

Of superstition there is plenty. The "Greeks" perch a little cell-like chapel on the top of every hill, with most uncouth saints of genuine Byzantine stiffness daubed on its walls, and a rough altar stone, black with oil from the lamp beside it, where mass is said once a year. Their Mahometan brethren, not to be behindhand with them, hang up some equivocal relic — a hair of the Prophet's beard it may be, or a rag which has touched some like holy thing — in the prayer-niche of the mosque, and cover the wall with unartistic drawings, highly coloured, of the Meccan or other shrines. In big-



otry there is little to choose between them: the monks of the many mountain convents hereabouts, and the "Mollas" and "Imams" of the neighbourhood, enjoy an equal reputation in this respect. But, besides what may be considered as the special property of either sect, the Crescent and the Cross have here many observances in common. Among these the means taken to avert the influence of the evil eye are curious enough. I had often noticed in the fields a tall pole, with wicker circle balanced atop, the circumference being hung round with bones, feathers, and gaudy rags. At first I supposed it to be a scarecrow against the innumerable birds of the country, but was soon informed that it was there for the more practical purpose of guarding against the evil eye. An ox's or buffalo's skull is still more generally employed; and the withered chaplets suspended from the horns remind one of a favourite ornament of the Greek metope, with which this very ancient superstition may perhaps be indirectly connected.

Or it is a little dome-like construction, roughly put together and often in ruins, which bears the name of some legendary half-hero, half-saint, claimed alike by Islam and Christianity, and visited by turbaned and unturbaned pilgrims on the same anniversary. If a bush happen to be near at hand, it is sure to be decorated all over with little rags knotted to the twigs. Each rag mystically contains some evil from which the person who tied it desires to be freed by this act and by the intercession of the saint. To untie it would be the extreme of rashness, as it would infallibly bring the unloosened evil on the intruder's head. Even touching it might, I am informed, have the same effect.

These sanctuaries are almost invariably situated either near some springhead, particularly if a mineral one, or on the top of an isolated height. The superstition which placed them there is probably in many instances much older than any creed now professed in the land. One such building, conspicuous on a conical peak nearly three thousand feet above the sea, and dedicated to the mythical Elias of the East, attracted my special notice; and after a climb which led me to admire rather than to envy the devout up-hill labours of the yearly pilgrims, I reached the summit—a weather-beaten pinnacle of black volcanic rock. There by the side of a ruined Byzantine chapel, open to the sky, I found what interested me much more; namely, the distinct re-

mains of a small pagan shrine, not Greek but Pontic in construction: the lower part, of four basement walls inclosing a square of about twelve feet each way, was cut out of the rock itself to a height of nearly five feet. This had been originally raised further by rows of huge oblong blocks, each several feet in length. On two sides they still retained their places; on the other two they, like the roof, if there ever was one, had disappeared. In the southern wall—for the building faced the compass—was a small square peep-hole of a window cut in the rock. The whole reminded me closely of some idol shrines I have seen in the Tamil villages of Southern India. But besides this, in the foundation rock of the temple, and hewn also on its southerly aspect, I found two small sepulchral caves, containing each a recess for a single corpse. In both niches the place for the head and the feet were indicated in the hollowed stone: the length was in each much the same, a little under six feet. The heads of the corpses were to the west, their feet to the east, and their right sides to the south. The face of the cliff bore traces too of other tombs, but now almost shapeless from the crumbling of the turf beneath the storms and winters of more than two thousand years.

Not far from Trebizond is another of these sepulchral caves. I visited it, and found it about eleven feet from the floor to the highest part of the vault-like roof, and sixteen feet broad by twelve deep, thus much resembling in form a huge oven; the rock here too was volcanic tuff, and still bore marks of the chisel. At the further end and, on either side, were deep coffin-like recesses for the dead, who must here, as in the tombs described above, have been laid recumbent at full length, but each in a different direction. The wide entrance of the cave had once been closed by a door, as appeared by the holes for the door-posts bored in the rock above and below; and in the inner right hand wall was a small niche, apparently for a lamp. The cavern had at a later period been converted into a Greek chapel, and vestiges of barbarous Byzantine daubings still appeared on the walls. But at present it is visited by Mahometans and Christians alike, under the ambiguous title of the prophet Elias.

There are countless caves of this sort along the coast slope of the mountain range, but I have never found any far inland, except at Amasia and Kastemouni.

This last belongs to Paphlagonia, however, not to Pontus; and up the valley of the Halys, or Kizil-Irmak, as it is now called. But in that region the rock monuments bear traces of much greater skill and workmanship than appears in the rough-hewn memorials about Trebizond. But in no case have I been able to discover either inscription or date.

The other "breakages" of this district are either Byzantine, or purely local. To the former class belong the numerous bridges, of coarse but very massive construction, which once spanned and now half choke with their ruins the many torrent rivers. The traveller here in winter and spring finds good reason to regret their loss. Byzantine, too, are the picturesque relics of battlemented walls and towers, "bosomed high" in the madly luxuriant vegetation of the coast, which give some of the small towns hereabouts a diminutive resemblance to old Constantinople. One town in particular, Rizeh — the Rhizeum of Strabo, and where, by the way, almost all the inhabitants are Greek-speaking Mahometans, and are simply the most disagreeable, quarrelsome, bigoted, narrow-minded set I have ever had to deal with — still retains about half of a mural circuit, which, when complete, cannot have been much under two miles in extent. The towers are about forty feet high, round, and placed at close intervals along the wall: one only has its upper part shaped into a not ungraceful octagon. The thickness of the walls is everywhere enormous; the materials rough-hewn, or mere irregular stones, copiously cemented with indifferent plaster. A couple of small vaulted chapels, each with its three lancet windows looking east — a favourite Trithestic symbol — would alone suffice to determine the architects, were they not otherwise clearly indicated by the style of the fortifications themselves. As I clambered about them I might almost have fancied myself at Constantinople, near the Seven Towers. But here, too, was neither inscription or date, though architectural comparison would seem to indicate the eighth or ninth century as the epoch of building.

Lastly, to the same class belong the numerous monasteries and nunneries of the land, some of them growing out like excrescences at the mouth of an old Pontic cave, now modified into a chapel. There are five large ones, all Greek, within a thirty miles' radius from Trebizond, and smaller ones are scattered else-

where; but they would require a separate description to themselves.

The latter, or local, class of ruins includes those from the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century. To this period belong the numerous paved horseways, solidly constructed, and extending in a complicated network for scores and scores of miles up valleys, across mountains, through forests, from the sea-shore to the upper range. They were the work of the much-maligned Dereh-Begs, the landed proprietors swept away by the pseudo-reforms of Sultan Mahmood and Abd-el-Mejed; and were kept in order by village labour, freely given, because profitable. In the present poverty of the country, these roads are left unrepaired and untended, till many are now absolutely impassable; nor are new ones ever provided, or old ones mended by a Government which has taken to itself the wealth, but omitted the responsibilities of the land it governs. So too for the many road-side fountains, each with its pretty little oggee arch, and arabesque inscription commemorating the munificence of the builder, some wealthy villager: these, too, now abandoned, choked, and fallen into ruin. So also the dreary walls, and long ranges of windows open to the sky, that once were the abodes of the "Begg" or "Aghas," semi-feudal landlords, turbulent enough in their day, but good masters, hospitable, and spending in the land itself what they took from it; not, like the modern Stamboulee leeches, disgorging elsewhere the life-blood sucked from the province.

That the epochs, Pontic, Roman, Byzantine, and, so to speak, self-governing, were one and all "better times" than the present, the relics I have described or alluded to, with many other indications of bygone populousness and prosperity, seem sufficiently to establish; and the peasants with one voice declare that their condition was much more favourable, not only in the centuries preceding the Turkish conquest, of which they have long since lost every memory, but even after that event, under the almost independent rule of their own landowners and headmen, when the Osmanlee Government was hardly more to them than a distant and respected name; not, as now, a daily and burdensome interference. Certainly a serious diminution in the number of the inhabitants is attested by the frequency of shrunk or deserted villages; and the diminution of life indicates a corresponding diminution in the means of life.

They are, with hardly an exception, wretchedly poor. The plot of ground on which each man cultivates his maize, hemp, and garden stuff, yields little more than enough for his own personal uses and those of his family; the maize-field and garden supply their staple food, and the hemp their clothing: this last coarse and ragged beyond belief. And no wonder, where a single suit has to do duty alike for summer and winter, day and night. Whatever truth there may be in the philosophical "man wants but little here below"—an assertion I hold more than questionable for man, and utterly false for woman—he certainly gets uncommonly little in this region. For anything like gain, he has to depend on a scanty allowance of eggs furnished by a few diminutive hens, or the butter derived from a meagre cow or two; perhaps a few basketsful of orchard fruit; or, the best resource, a dozen loads of charcoal, which he has prepared in the forest. These he takes down on a donkey, or not rarely on his own or his wife's back, to the nearest market-town, say Trebizond, and there sells for what they may fetch. But here the Government, which never provided him directly or indirectly with a path to go by, or a plank to cross a torrent; which affords him no security against violence, no education in youth, no assistance or refuge in difficulty, sickness, or old age, is beforehand with him; and under title of road-dues, town-dues, market-dues, etc., secures from five to ten per cent. of whatever profit his wares may realize. Out of the remainder he has to pay agricultural tithes, property-tax—a very heavy one—sheep or cattle-tax, and yearly recurring requisitions for nominal public works, seldom executed, and, if executed, of no good to him, and very little to any one else. What is left goes to buy whatever household articles or agricultural implements the produce of his own ground cannot furnish. As to the maize, it is so unremunerative a crop, and the quantity which each individual peasant can obtain, owing to the infinitesimal subdivision of property, so small, that it is practically of no account for gain. When to all this we add frequent requisitions of unpaid labour, military service, and the like, can we wonder that the Pontic peasant lives, or rather starves, in debt, dies in debt, and leaves debt and starvation as the only heritage to his children?

The fact is that the Osmanlee Government never considers, or wishes to con-

sider, that it has any duty towards those it governs, except that of getting as much money as possible out of them. Moreover, the quantity of what it squeezes, or tries to squeeze, out of any given district is proportioned, not on the means and wealth of those squeezed, but on their moral compressibility and yieldingness. Hence, as a rule, Christian populations, which have, so to speak, a court of appeal in European opinion, are much less hard pressed now-a-days than Mahometan; not to mention the conscription, which falls wholly on the latter, and equals in theory about one fifth, in practice fortunately not more than one eighth or so, of the adult male census. It is true that the Christians pay for their exemption from this "blood-tax," but they have, on the whole, a cheap bargain.

Unhappily the spirit of servile, unconditional obedience, which from an early date characterized the subjects of the Byzantine Empire, has rested in a double portion on their descendants. "We are born to be fleeced, and fleeced we will be, and take it quietly," is their view of the matter. This spirit of miscaled loyalty, and real slavishness, is strongest among the Mahometan population, which change of religion has, so far at least, not benefited but injured. Man must have an idol of some kind—figure, picture, book or idea—to bow down to and worship; and as figures and pictures are forbidden to the Muslim, while of the book, the Koran, the idol of his Arab brethren, he, for ignorance of its language, cannot make much, the once Byzantine Mahometan has set up for his idol the idea of Islam, and worships it with a devotion which the "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him" of Job could scarcely parallel. But Islam is, moreover, in his mind identified with what is for him its visible and chiefest avatar, the Empire of the house of Othman, the waning Crescent of the crimson flag. And thus, in spite of the new and hated regulations of latter-day Sultans, of Janissaries butchered, grants revoked, institutions destroyed, and burdens bound on by a bureaucracy the little finger of which is thicker than the loins of a Suleyman or a Murad; in spite of the still deeper and more searching change that has come over the spirit of the Ottoman dream, transforming the terror of the nations into a feeble parody of that most portentous of all failures, the Second French Empire—the Mahometan of Anatolia continues, passively at least, true to his old

love, invests it with the inviolability of the Islam he worships; and while acknowledging it in detail to be an ogre, reveres it in the whole as a God.

Still the field of patience has not only extent but limits; and from time to time even the Mahometan "Koilee," or "Fellah," or Peasant, of Pontus is fairly driven beyond them. He then takes to the mountains: and as law, in the only sense he knows it, has been his enemy, he becomes in his turn an enemy to law. Band after band of such half fugitives, half outlaws, has sprung up within the last few years among these forests; and did a provincial newspaper exist, its "sensation" columns would seldom need a topic. To-day it is a house broken into, and one or more of the inmates mangled by a hatchet; to-morrow some corn stacks burnt, or the standing crops wantonly cut, trampled down, and destroyed in the dark; or a wayfarer has been found robbed and murdered, or a woman brutally ravished, or what not. It would be a painful, often a revolting, task to chronicle the crimes committed in these lovely glens.

And the Government?

Well; the Government, so long as individuals only, especially if of the poorer sort, are concerned, does simply nothing. But at last some person of consequence has, perhaps, been the sufferer; or a whole village or district has been injured; and a formal complaint and demand of redress, backed, of course, by a prepayment of costs and good-will, not less necessary in a criminal than in a civil case before an Osmanlee tribunal, has been lodged at the official residence, where money received may have created a reasonable hope that more may be obtained from the same sources. A party of armed police, or, in extreme instances, of soldiers, are then sent at once to investigate and to punish; on whose approach, announced several days beforehand, the real criminals prudently make off. In their place, however, a few ready-to-hand persons are easily apprehended, and triumphantly carried off to be shut up in a jail, the like of which Mrs. Fry's worst nightmare never imaged; there to remain two, three, or more months, even years, their guilt or innocence being never examined into, till either death, or the presents thrown by their friends into the insatiate jaws of authority, procures them release. I have known as many as eighty thus dragged off to prison in a batch. By the end of four months several of them were dead and others like to die of jail-

fever; and during all that time not a single man or lad of the number had been brought before any kind of tribunal whatever, whether for investigation or trial. Meanwhile, God help their families. These were one and all Mahometans, from a Byzantine village about fifty miles distant from Trebizond.

Others again—and their number is large, much larger than the Osmanlee Government suspects—quit the country; some for the Russian Caucasus or Georgia, some for Constantinople, some for the larger towns of Syria or Egypt, there to pick up what living they may. Few of them ever return. The emigration is secret, for a reason little known, I believe, beyond the limits of the Ottoman Empire, but which ought to be taken into account in forming an estimate of the vaunted "progress" of its rulers. The Turkish peasant is, on a principle which, so far as I can discover, dates its origin from the semi-feudal times of military tenure, but which has assumed its actual and much more galling form in the present century, considered as serf of the soil he tills, or *ascriptus glebe* in old phrase: and this principle is at once exemplified and enforced by a regulation forbidding him to quit his native village and district, except for a stated time, and then only after procuring an official "pass," for which a high fee has to be paid. The place too whither he intends going must be specified in the "pass;" and on any change of destination, a fresh one must be taken. For a "pass" to quit the country altogether, or for life, it would be vain to ask, as it would certainly be refused. Indeed, the bare appearance of a peasant at the "pass" office, asking for leave to emigrate to Russia, would be enough to make the clerk faint from the very impudence of the demand. But where a reasonable and advantageous thing is refused by authority, it is tolerably sure to be taken without authority; and every year the underhand emigration draws off larger and still larger numbers from this region.

Much more, however, is this the case with the "Greek" peasants; that is, with those who, in addition to their Byzantine descent, have maintained the Byzantine religion and social system. Sheltered under the protection liberally afforded by Russian consulates, they emigrate, not by individuals, or even families, but by whole bands. I have known as many as a hundred Pontic "Greeks" at a time, after receiving in the morning a flat refusal of the "passes" requested from the Otto-

man authorities, together with a threat that if they did not at once abandon their migratory intentions and return to their mountain villages, they should be packed off, not to Russia, but to prison, embark comfortably the same evening after dark on board the Russian steamer lying at their service in the harbour, and transfer themselves and theirs to the Muscovite allegiance. It would be hard to blame either the emigrants or those who helped them; it might be harder to defend those who maintain the *status quo* of Osmanlee rule.

Ruins of nations, ruins of empires, uncemented fragments, built up into an empire itself already a crumbling ruin. Yet the land is still the same as when the Argonauts first gazed on it from the sea, and the Ten Thousand from the overtopping mountains: the same snow-flecked heights, green pastures, luxuriant forests, full torrents, fertile soil; the very yellow blaze of wild flowers whence the bees in Xenophon's time drew their intoxicating honey, unchanged to this day, is still the same; — it is the old sad story of the East —

Art, glory, freedom fail; but Nature still is fair.

But if better days be yet in store for Pontus, they certainly will not dawn till the last rays of the Crescent have set from the verge of her western horizon, the seven hills of Stamboul.

Meanwhile we have emerged from the forest-gorge, left beneath us the wave-like billows of rolling mist, traversed the wide pasture slopes, crossed the bare jagged crest, whence, from a height of nearly nine thousand feet we have given a last backward look at the far-off dream-like sketch of bay, headland, and sea; and have now by long windings descended into the great inland valley of the Chorum, the Harpasus of Xenophon, where, with the limits of Anatolian Gurgistan, begins another region and a different and better race.

W. G. PALGRAVE.

“THE PINE.”—The fine sonnet, entitled “The Pine,” which appeared in No. 1502 of THE LIVING AGE, was written several years ago by Alfred B. Street of Albany, N. Y. (By the way, the word “shine,” in the fourth line of the sonnet, was originally written “gleam.” The change, copied from the *Dublin University Magazine*, destroys the rhyme.)—ED.

From The Graphic.

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF “SALEM CHAPEL,”  
“THE MINISTER’S WIFE,” “SQUIRE ARDEN,” ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PALAZZO SCARAMUCCI.

A LONG bare room, the walls painted in distemper, with a running border of leaves and flowers, and the same design running across the rafters overhead; three huge windows, with small panes, draped with old brocaded hangings round the top, but without either blinds or curtains to shut out the cloudy glimpses of the sky; very sparsely furnished; some old cabinets and rococo tables by the walls, some old settees and chairs, which had once been handsome; the floor tiled with red triangular tiles, with pieces of carpet before the sofas. At one end a stove, which opened to show the little fire, erected upon a stone slab like a door-step, and with an ugly piece of black tube going almost horizontally into the wall, had been added for the advantage of the English Forestieri, who insisted — benighted northern people — upon such accessories of what they called comfort. Another old rug, faded out of its natural brightness into sweet secondary tints of colour, had been laid before this impromptu fireplace; but the aspect of the place was cold, chilling the spectator to the bone. One or two dark portraits, painted on panels, hung on the walls; they were very grim and very old; for this was the *terzo piano*, let at a cheap rate, and with few elegancies to boast of. Near the stove, on a little marble-topped table stood the tall lamp, with its two unshaded wicks blazing somewhat wildly, for it had not been trimmed for some time. The oil in it, however, one good, cheap luxury, which even the poor may have in Italy, was so sweet and pure that the air was quite untainted. On a little tray was a long loaf of the brown, very dry bread of the country, a plate of green salad, and a thin flask of common red wine — a pretty supper to look at, but scarcely appetizing fare for a delicate appetite. At the first glance there seemed to be no one in the room to benefit by these preparations, but after a while you could perceive in the recess of one of the windows a shadowy figure, leaning up in a corner, with its head against the pane looking out. All that could be seen from that window was the cloudy sky, and some occasional gleams



of moonlight, which threw silver lines upon the dark floor, and — when you looked down, as into a well — the Arno, flowing far below, with the stars, and clouds, and fitful moon, all reflected in it; and on its very edge the little Church of St. Maria della Spina, with all its tiny pinnacles tipped with silver. She who looked out from this high window could not be looking for any one; the people below were as specks hurrying along in the cold, with cloaks twisted over their shoulders. The watcher was nearer to the heavens than the earth. She stood there so long, and was so motionless, that gradually the blazing light, blown about softly by some draught from door or window, the little table with the salad and the wine-flask, became the centre of the still life, and the human shadow in the window counted for nothing. No breath or sound betrayed that something was there more alive than the light of the lamp or the glimmer of the wood embers, which, indeed, fell now and then in white ashes, and broke the utter silence of the place.

This silence, however, was much more effectually broken by the entrance of a stout, middle-aged Italian, with a cloak over one of his shoulders, and the *cache-nez* in his hand in which he was about to muffle his features when he went out. He looked round and round the large room, apparently unable to see the figure in the window, and then, with an impatient exclamation, went to the table, and snuffed the blazing wicks and trimmed the lamp. "Just like her, just like her," he said to himself, "gazing somewhere; never eating, never considering that one must live. If I were to add a slice of Salami — though the child is fastidious, she does not eat salami —"

"I am here, Niccolo," said a voice from the window.

"So I supposed, Signorina; I knew you must be in some corner. May I be permitted to remark that life is not supported by the eyes, but by the mouth? If you will not eat the *cena* I have prepared for you, what can I do? I cannot take you on my knees and feed you like a baby. Oh, I have done it; I have been obliged to do it, when I had the poor padrone's authority to sustain me, before now."

"Niccolo," said the voice, "I shall not want anything more to-night. If you are ready you may go."

"Oh, yes, I may go," said Niccolo fretfully, "not knowing whether I may not

find you a little heap of cinders in the morning, or fallen down in the window and frozen to death, Madonna Santissima! without the power to raise yourself up. If you would but have Philomena to stay with you, at least, in case you should want anything."

"I want nothing," said the girl. She came out of the window, advancing a few steps, but still keeping quite out of the cheerful circle of the light.

"No, the Signorina wants nothing, the Signorina will soon not want anything but a hole in the heretic cemetery beside her father; and when one goes sinfully out of the world by one's own wickedness, besides being a Protestant and believing nothing, what can one look for? If I were the Signorina I should take very good care as long as I could, not to die, and put myself in the power of those beings with the prongs that you see in the Campo Santo. I should take very great trouble for my part not to die."

Upon this she came out altogether out of the darkness, and approached the fire. "Do you think that not eating kills people?" she asked. "I cannot eat, I have no appetite, but I do not wish to die."

"At least, under any circumstances one can drink a little wine," said Niccolo, with disapproving dignity; "no effort is necessary to swallow a little wine. Signorina, I have put everything in order. I will leave the key with Luigi downstairs, that Philomena may enter in the morning without disturbing you. I now only wait to bid you a *felicissima notte*. Buona notte, my little mistress — sleep well; and the Madonna and the saints take care of you, poor child!"

This little outburst was not unusual. The girl extended her hand to him with a smile, and Niccolo kissed it. Then throwing his cloak over his other shoulder, and wrapping it round him, he left her in her solitude. The guests at the Casa Piccolomini were dispersing at the same time, escorting each other, and escorted by their servants, through the still streets. As Niccolo closed the great door after him, the sound seemed to reverberate through the blackness of the great staircase, down which he plunged, darkling, groping his way by the wall. Mr. Worsley, who lived on the first floor, had a coil of green wax-taper in his pocket, which he lighted, to guide himself and his daughter to the door. They were a little afraid when they heard the footsteps stumbling down, not having been able to divest themselves of the idea that stiletto-

thrusts were the natural accompaniments of a dark staircase. And with his cloak over his left shoulder and his red *cache-nez* hiding his countenance, Niccolo looked dangerous, more like killing his man in a corner than watching with the tenderness of a woman over the wayward child whom he had just left with an ache in his honest heart.

All alone in the house! The *appartamento* was not so large as that of Mr. Worsley downstairs, for it was divided into two, as being adapted for cheaper lodgers. Besides this large *salone*, however, there was an ante-chamber, of which while Mr. Vane was alive he made a dining-room; and then a long lone passage, echoing and dreary, through which the solitary girl had to pass to her bedroom, another terrible stone room, floored with tiles, at the other end of the house. She had to pass her father's room by the way, and another gaping empty chamber, full of the furniture which, with Italian superstition, had been turned out of the chamber of death. She was not afraid. She had been used to such constant solitude that it seemed natural to her. While her father was alive she had been as solitary as she was now, and it did not seem to her, as it did to everybody else, that his mere presence in the house made so much difference. She had been brought up in a Spartan Italian fashion, to bear the cold and heat as things inevitable. She put her feet upon the stone slab, which did duty as a hearth, more from custom than for the warmth, which she scarcely thought of. A small scaldino stood under the table, full of fresh embers, which Niccolo had brought with him from the kitchen; but though she was cold she did not take it up and warm her hands over it as a thorough Italian would have done. She was half Italian only, and half English, rejecting many habits of both nations. She had a small cloak of faded velvet drawn round her shoulders, old and cut after no fashion that had prevailed within the memory of man. It had come, I believe, originally from a painter's studio, but it was warm and kept her alive in the penetrating cold. Kind Mrs. Eastwood, in her luxurious chamber, was wondering at that moment how the poor child would brave an English winter, and if "the little room" would be warm enough, with its soft carpets and close drawn curtains, and cheery fire. If she could have seen the Italian girl with her old mantle on her shoulders, and the scaldino at the foot of her chair!

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I am afraid I am describing too much, which is a fatal weakness for a historian to fall into; but yet, of course, the gentle reader who does not scorn that delightful title would prefer to hear what this solitary girl was like. She had a straight, slim figure, too slim for beauty, though that defect of youth is one which it is easy to forgive. Her hair was dark and soft, and hung about her face, framing it with a soft fold, very slightly undulating at the ends, though not in anything that could be called a curl. I must warn my dear friend and gentlest auditor, that this sounds a great deal better in words, and looks a great deal better in a picture, than it does in reality; for a girl of sixteen with hair thus hanging about her, neither curled nor dressed, is apt to be an objectionable young person, inclining to untidiness, and to look like a colt, unkempt and untrimmed. But Innocent was a neglected girl, who had never known any better. She did not strike you at the first glance as beautiful. She had no colour, and even had been called sallow by some observers. The chief beauty that struck the beholder was the perfect shape of her face, a pure oval, with the chin somewhat accentuated, as in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci, and the eyes somewhat long in shape. Miss Bolding was right when she called the girl a Leonardo. She wanted the crisped hair, and that subtle sidelong sweetness in the eyes, which is so characteristic of that great master; but otherwise the character of her face was the same—somewhat long, and with all the softness of youth in the prolonged and perfect curve of the colourless cheek. The eyes were heavy-lidded; they were not "well-opened eyes." Only in moments of emotion did she raise the heavy lids freely, and flash the full light of her look upon you. At the present moment these lids were doubly heavy with dreams. The lips, which were thin, and rather straight, without curves, were closed upon each other with the closeness of meditation; her hair fell into the hollow of her neck on either side, and lay in a half ring and careless twist upon her shoulders. A very simple black dress, without trimmings, appeared under the velvet cloak; these were the days before the Watteau fashion became popular, when dresses were made with but one skirt, and long, sweeping over the wearer's feet. Such was her costume and her appearance. She took a little of the wine from the flask, and a morsel of the dry

brown bread, and swallowed them as it seemed with great difficulty, bending over the fire in the stove, which began to sink in white ashes. Silence, cold, solitude, all around; and here in the empty house, in the empty world, this solitary creature, so young and forlorn. But she was not afraid. After a while she rose quite calmly, and lifted the long stalk of the lamp, and went away through the long echoing ghostly passage. She saw nothing, feared nothing; her imagination was not at liberty, it was absorbed about other things.

Next morning it was more cheerful in the great *salone*; there was light, at least, which was much, and I think there was sunshine; but the gentle reader will forgive me if I confess that I have forgotten whether the Palazzo Scaramucci was on the sunny or the shady side. At all events, there was daylight, and a blue, clear, shining sky, and the sight of sunshine outside, if not actual presence. When Mrs. Drainham, who was really concerned about the girl, came to see her before twelve next morning, she found her seated by the same little table which had held her lamp on the previous night, with a little dish of polenta before her, and again the dry brown bread and the small flask of wine. It seemed the strangest, most distasteful breakfast to the Englishwoman. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "do send away that mess, and have a nice cup of tea. Wouldn't you enjoy a nice cup of tea? If you will come with me, my maid will make you one directly—and perhaps an egg and a little delicate bread and butter. I don't wonder that you have no appetite, my poor child."

"I like polenta," said Innocent, playing with her spoon, "and I don't like tea."

This seemed immoral to Mrs. Drainham. "If you go to England, my dear, you must not say you have been in the habit of having wine for breakfast," she said. "It would be thought so very strange for a young girl."

Innocent made no immediate answer. With a perverse impulse she poured out a little of the nostrale wine, the commonest and cheapest, and diluted it with water. I do not, I confess, think it was an attractive beverage. "Probably I shall never be in England," she said in a very low tone.

"Oh you must go to England; that is one thing there can be no doubt of. What are you to do here, poor child? Friends have been raised up to you here, but it is

not likely that people who are not connected with you would continue—and the apartment, you know," continued Mrs. Drainham, in her eagerness to prove what was self-apparent, "must be let. The Marchese is very poor, and he could not be expected to lie out of his money, and Niccolo must find another situation. Everything, in short, is at a standstill until you go away."

Something hot rushed to the girl's eyes—but if they were tears it was so unusual to shed them, that they rushed back again after an ineffectual effort to get forth. She made no answer. She had learned ere now, young as she was, the benefit of taking refuge in silence. Mrs. Drainham had drawn a chair near her, and sat looking at her, with eyes full of a curiosity not unmixed with disapproval. Mrs. Drainham, in short, disapproved of everything about her, her loose hair, her odd dress, her old velvet cloak, even the polenta on the tray before her, and the coloured water she was drinking. "What will they do with her in England?" she asked herself in dismay; but then *her* responsibility, at least, would be over, and her mind relieved.

"You have never been at school, my dear, I suppose?"

"No."

"Nor learned anything? But you must have had some resources; you must be able to do something? Needlework at least, or tapestry, or something to amuse yourself with? You must have been very lonely in your papa's time, as I hear he never saw any one. And you could not sit all the day with your hands before you; you must have been able to do something?" Mrs. Drainham cried, impressed almost against her will by the silence of her companion.

"I can read," said Innocent.

"And no more? I hope your aunt, Mrs. Eastwood, is well off. It would be dreadful indeed if your relations were not well off. Girls in your position frequently have to go out as governesses. I don't want to be unkind; but, my dear, it is for your advantage that you should look your circumstances in the face. Most girls of your age (you are past sixteen?) would have thought of that already. Suppose, for instance, that you were compelled to try and work for your own living. Now, what would you do?"

The suggestion was so strange that Innocent lifted her eyelids, and turned a wondering look upon her questioner; but apparently perceiving that nothing was to

be made of it, cast them down again with a slight shrug of her shoulders, and made no reply. "Why should I take the trouble to talk?" she seemed to say, which was not very civil to Mrs. Drainham, nor encouraging to that lady's benevolence, it must be allowed.

"You never thought of that view of the matter?" said the persevering woman. "But you ought to think of it. Few people, unless they are very rich, are disposed to take all the responsibility of a girl like you. They might help you, and be kind to you; but they would most likely think it was right and best that you should contribute at least to your own support."

"I do not know what you mean," said Innocent, looking at her with mingled wonder and resentment. She pushed away her little tray from her, and in sheer bewilderment took up the scaldino, putting it in her lap, and holding her hands over it. This was another thing upon which the doctor's wife, as she herself avowed, could not look with any toleration. She made a little gesture of distress, as if she would have put it away.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, my dear, don't let me see you with that odious thing on your knee! An English girl keeps her hands warm with doing something or other. You will find nothing of that sort in England. There your time will be all filled up in a rational way. There is always something going on, and you will find no time to nurse your hands in your lap. Of course, there is a great deal that will be very novel. Put down that scaldino, dear. I can't bear to see you with it. It is such an odd thing for an English girl to do."

"Am I an English girl?" said Innocent, dreamily. She did not respond to what was said to her. "She never gives you a reasonable answer," Mrs. Drainham said afterwards, with an impatience for which it was not difficult to account.

It was just then that the tinkling bell at the door pealed, and Niccolo after some parley admitted a stranger. Niccolo recognized the name at once, though no English visitor could have recognized it had he heard it from Niccolo's lips. "Signor Estvode," he said, looking in at the door, and pausing, with the true instinct of an Italian servant, to watch the effect of the announcement. Innocent started to her feet, in her haste dropping instinctively from her shoulders her old velvet mantle, and Mrs. Drainham sat and stared with genuine British com-

posure without any thought of politeness. Frederick came in looking (as he was) something of an invalid still. He was pale; he had that look of convalescence we have already referred to on his interesting countenance. He came forward, holding out both his hands to the girl, who stood devouring him with her eyes, which for once were fully opened. She could not say anything; she could scarcely breathe. Many speculations had crossed her mind as to the kind of messenger who might arrive. This young man, looking not unlike one of the heroes of her dreams, pale, melancholy, yet smiling, holding out his hands to her, made such a sudden lodgment in the girl's inexperienced heart as I can neither define nor account for. The chances are that his mother, who was much kinder than Frederick, would have made no impression at all upon Innocent. She looked at him with her eyes all aglow and shining, with a sudden glad contraction and then expansion of her heart. She put down the scaldino, and went a step forward. "You are my little cousin," said Frederick, in a voice which the natural impulse of kindness and the pleasant sense of beneficence made melodious. He looked at her with no criticism in his eyes, rather with admiration and pleasure. The girl paused all aglow, on tip-toe, her sudden impulse betraying itself in every line of her slim figure. Then she obeyed that impulse, poor, forlorn child. She threw herself forward, took the outstretched hands, and bent down and kissed them in her pretty Italian way. "Yes, I am Innocent," she said; "oh, take me away! take me away!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE COUSINS.

THIS little scene was odd and somewhat embarrassing to a young Englishman utterly unaccustomed to have his hand kissed; but I think it highly probable that Frederick would have felt much less objection to it had it not been for the presence of that Gorgon of British propriety, which kept staring at him with an expression of shocked and suspicious watchfulness from the other side of the stove. He laughed with the embarrassment common to his nation under the circumstances. There is nothing so awkward, so unhappy, and unready, as an Englishman who is called upon to show any natural feeling of the softer kind before strangers. Why we all, and we alone,

should feel that we are ridiculous when our hearts are touched, I cannot tell; but so it is. Frederick Eastwood was affected by the eager passion of his welcome; but with Mrs. Drainham's eyes upon him, he could do nothing but laugh. The primitive-minded girl, who was not aware of this tacit necessity, shrunk back into herself when, as she thought, he laughed at her. But the spectator felt that it was the right thing to do, and her disapproval softened. She indicated a chair to the new comer with a little wave of her hand.

"Dear child," she said in a caressing tone, "you must moderate your feelings. We all understand you; we all excuse you; but these are not English ways. Sit down a little, while I talk to you and to this gentlemen. Mr. Eastwood, I think? — so far as one can understand an Italian's version of the name we were expecting to hear —"

"Yes," said Frederick, "I should have arrived a week ago, but for — indisposition. I am glad to find my cousin in such good hands."

Here they paused, and looked at each other, with sentiments which were not unfriendly, but a certain English community of feeling that made them sensible of the necessity of some sort of preliminary antagonism before the one agreed to accept the other as the person he claimed to be. Mrs. Drainham was a pretty woman, though it was appointed to her at this moment to act the Gorgon's part. And Frederick, with his peaked beard and melancholy eyes, was a handsome young man. The tone of the British matron perceptibly softened, as she took in at a glance the various evidences before her that the new comer was "a gentleman" — all-expressive and all-embracing phrase. She even laughed a little in her turn, and coloured very becomingly as she executed the sterner part of her duty.

"I am afraid you will think me impertinent," she said; "and I feel ridiculous; but as my husband and I have taken a great interest in Miss Vane, would you pardon me for asking if you have — any credentials — or authority? I am sure I beg your pardon. You will understand what I mean —"

Then they both laughed together which advanced matters still farther.

"I have a letter from my mother to my cousin," he said. "I might have got a certificate of identity, had I thought she was so well guarded. And here is my card," he added, taking it out smilingly.

It was the card Batty had found in the

Paris hotel, which was the first one that came to his hand. He knew it by a crease in the corner, and pushed it back again with a little shudder which he could not account for: for indeed the Batty episode had faded into unimportance already. The card, however, was given and accepted with a gracious smile and bow. That celestial address, the "Junior Minerva" impressed Mrs. Drainham, as it had impressed Frederick's less desirable acquaintance. A little conversation of the most amicable character ensued, winding up by an invitation to dinner for that evening.

"And you will come too, my dear," said the doctor's wife; "though it is a thing you could not do in ordinary circumstances. Nobody could reflect upon you for departing from the usual rules in your position. I will ask no one to meet you. Mr. Eastwood will bring you to us at seven o'clock."

Innocent had listened to this conversation vaguely, in a kind of stupor, feeling as if they spoke a language of which she had never before heard a word. Greek would have been as intelligible to her. It even hurt her vaguely that they seemed to understand each other in the language which she could not understand. She had been thrust back upon herself, which is always painful — thrust back after, as she thought, a gleam of new life and a new world, into the old dreary world, much drearier than ever by the contrast though it was but momentary. The visionary intensity of a mind living in its own sensations almost annihilates space and time; and though it was but half an hour since Frederick Eastwood came upon the scene at all, there was room enough in that half hour to make the girl feel the force of two revolutions — the one from her dreary solitude into a new sphere of brightness, tenderness, companionship which was as a revelation of Heaven to her; and the other, a dreary circle back again, out of the light, out of the society, out of the strange delightful newness which seemed to have changed her being all in a moment. The one was a sudden sun-rising, the other an equally sudden eclipse. She had been raised up to heaven and then suddenly tossed down again. The amount of emotion involved was quite excessive and extravagant, out of all keeping with the momentary character of the incidents; but Innocent was not aware of this, nor could have believed how utterly unimportant to the others was the half-hour which subjected her to such vicissitudes of feeling



as she had never before felt in her life. She made no reply to Mrs. Drainham's invitation, which, indeed, she scarcely comprehended. She did not understand the civilities with which her two companions parted, Frederick accompanying Mrs. Drainham to the door. What she imagined was that he had thus gone away without taking any further notice of her, and that all was over, and the new hope to which she seemed to have a right, taken from her. She sat in a stupor watching them go away, fingering the folds of the old velvet cloak, which she had picked up mechanically from the floor, and feeling a mingled chill — of her shoulders from the want of her mantle, and of her heart from this strange desertion — which made her shiver all over, and gave her that nervous and passionate impulse to cry, which children and women are so seldom able to resist, but which poor Innocent had been victorious over often, tears being among the things which her father turned into highest ridicule. She had ceased almost to be able to weep — forgotten the way; the natural emotions had been frozen in their fountains. But the thrill of new existence of which she had been conscious had broken those frozen chains, and she began to struggle with a hysterical passion which roused all her pride and all her spirit to conquer it. No doubt, she thought, this new cousin, like her father, would despise the weakness which women indulged in. Innocent despised herself for being a woman, and she would have died sooner than yield to what she supposed to be a purely feminine impulse. She was struggling thus with herself, fighting the hardest battle she had fought since the time when goaded by his ridicule she had rushed upon her father like a little tiger, beating him with her baby fist, choking with suppressed passion, when the door opened again, and Frederick came in once more. She gazed at him with her breast heaving, and her eyes dilated in the fierceness of her struggle to keep off the tears. And if he had laughed, or treated her emotion lightly, Innocent would have conquered. But Frederick's heart was really touched. He felt benevolent, paternal, full of patronage and kindness. He went up to her, and laid his hand caressingly on her head.

"My little cousin, we must make friends now that woman is gone," he said, smiling upon her.

Poor child, she knew nothing of self-control, scarcely anything of right and

wrong. She threw out her arms and clung to him, in a simple effort of nature to grasp at something; and fell into such a passion of sobs and cries on his bosom as frightened him. But yet what was more natural? She had just lost her father; she had no one in the world to turn to, except this new relation who belonged to her. She had been undergoing an unnatural repression, concealing her feelings in that stupor which grief so often brings. Frederick thought he understood it all, and it affected him, though he was glad there was no one else in the room. He put his arm round her, and even kissed the cheek which was partially visible, and said all the kind things he could think of. It lasted so long that, not being very strong himself, he began to totter a little under the unexpected burden, and would gladly have freed himself and sat down by her. But Innocent had been carried away by the tide, and could not stop herself. This was the beginning of their acquaintance. There were no preliminaries. She had never "given way" in her life before, except on the occasion we have already referred to — and heaven knows what a strange processes were going on in the girl's half-developed, much-suppressed nature, as for the first time she gave her tears and emotion way.

When the hysterical sobbing came to an end, Innocent lifted her head from his breast and looked at him, still holding him by the arms. She looked up suddenly, half beseeching him not to despise her, half daring him to do so; but there was no scorn in Frederick's eyes. He was very sorry for her.

"My poor child!" he said, smoothing the ruffled hair upon her forehead.

Then a sudden flush came to her face, and light to her eyes. She released him as suddenly as she had clutched him. She sank back gently into her chair with a shy deprecating smile.

"I could not help it," she said, putting out her hand. She wanted to retain some hold of him, to be sure that he would not melt quite away like one of the dreams.

As for Frederick, though his first feeling, I confess, was great thankfulness at being permitted to sit down, he had no objection to have his hand held by those soft, long fingers, or to bear the eager look of eyes which shone upon him with a kind of worship. He told her how he had been coming to her for a long time, but had been detained — how he had come to take her home — how they must start next day if possible, and travel as

quickly as possible; and how his mother and sister were awaiting her anxiously, hoping to make her happy, and to comfort her in her trouble. Innocent leant back in her chair, and smiled and listened. She made no reply. It did not seem necessary to make any reply. She held his hand fast and let him talk to her, not caring much what he said. I don't know if her intelligence was much developed at this period of her life. She understood what he was saying, but it was as a song to her, or a story that he was telling. She did not mind how long she listened, but it required no personal response—took no personal hold of her. The picture he made of The Elms, and his mother and sister, produced no sort of effect upon her mind. She was satisfied. Everything was unreal and vague except the one tangible fact, that he was sitting beside her, and that she was holding his hand. It was not love at first sight. The child did not know, and never inquired what it was. She had got some one—some one belonging to her like other people, some one who did not sneer or ridicule, but smiled at her: who called her name softly: who found no fault. She was altogether transported by this wonderful sensation. She wanted no more; no mothers nor sisters, no change, no conditions such as make life possible. She knew nothing about all that. Her understanding had nothing to do with the question. It was barely developed, not equal to any strain; and in this matter it seemed quite possible to do without it; whether she understood or not did not matter. She was happy; she wanted nothing more.

"Must you go away?" she cried with a start, holding his hand closer, as he moved.

"Not to leave you," he said; "but if we go away to-morrow—Can you go to-morrow, Innocent?"

"I will go when you go," she said.

"My dear cousin, you must be less vague. Can you be ready? Can you have your packing done, and all your little affairs settled? Where is your maid? She will know best."

"I have no maid. I have nothing to pack. I am ready now whenever you please; only you must not leave me. You must never leave me," she cried, clasping her hands round his arm.

"I have no intention of leaving you," he said, half flattered, half embarrassed, "till I have taken you to my mother. It is my mother whom you are going to—

my mother—I told you—and Ellenor——"

"Will you leave me when we get there?" the girl asked eagerly, still holding him. Yes, it was flattering; but possibly it might become a bore.

"No, no," he said, "I live there too. I am not going to leave you. But my mother will be the chief person then—my mother and Nelly, not me. They will be your chief friends and companions——"

"I would rather have you; I know you; and I don't like women," said the girl. "Listen! Could not we live somewhere without letting them know? I can cook some dishes—very good macaroni; and I can cook birds. I could do what you wanted, and make your *spese*. This would be far better than going to live with your mother. I do not like women."

She warmed as she spoke, turning to face him, with her hand still clasping his arm.

"You must not say such things," he said.

"Why? This is the first time you have said 'you must not.' My father says women are all bad—not some here and there like men. I am one, but I cannot help it. I always try to be different. I would not do the things they do—nor look like them if I could help it. Are you rich?"

"No," said Frederick, becoming bewildered. He had risen up, but she detained him with her two hands holding his arm.

"That is a pity. We were never rich. If you had been rich we might have taken Niccolo, who could have done everything—he is so clever. We might have stayed here. Stop!" she said, suddenly, "there is a little cloud coming up over your face. Do not let it. Smile. You smiled when you came in first, and I knew that it was you, and was so happy."

"My poor child! Why were you happy?"

"Because I knew it was you," she said, vehemently. "And now you talk of your mother. I do not want to go to your mother. Let me stay with you."

"Listen, Innocent," he said, with a shade of impatience stealing over him. "There is no possibility of questioning where you are to go. You must go to my mother. I live there, too. I cannot afford to have a house for myself. You must learn to be fond of my mother, and do whatever she wishes. Now let me go, please. I am going out to see the place.

If we leave to-morrow, I may not have another opportunity. Come, come, you must let me go."

She was looking up into his face, studying it intently, as if it were a book, a close, penetrating gaze, before which his eyes somewhat wavered, hesitating to meet hers. An idea that she would find him out if she gazed thus into the depths of his soul, crossed his mind, and made him half angry, half afraid. Perhaps she divined this feeling; for she let his arm go, slowly, sliding her hands away from it, with a half caressing, half apologetic motion. She smiled as she thus released him, but said nothing. There was something pretty in the act by which she set him free—a mingling of resignation and entreaty that at once amused and touched him. Go, if you will—it seemed to say—but yet stay with me! It was hard to resist the moral restraint after the physical was withdrawn. But Frederick reflected that to spend this, his only day in a strange new place—in Italy—shut up *tête-à-tête* with a girl who was a stranger to him, though she was his cousin, would be extremely ridiculous. Yet he could not leave her abruptly. He stroked her soft hair once more paternally as he stood by her.

"I will come back in time to take you out to this lady's to dinner," he said. "I suppose they have been kind to you? And in the meantime you must see after your packing. I have no doubt you will find a great many things to do. I am sorry you have not a maid to help you. Have you wraps for the journey? You will want something warm."

She took up her old velvet mantle with a startled look, and turned it round in her hands, looking at it. It was a garment to delight the very soul of a painter; but, alas! it was not such a garment as Frederick Eastwood, who was not a painter, could walk about by the side of, or travel with.

"Is that all you have?" he asked, with a little dismay.

"I have a shawl," said Innocent, looking at him with astonished eyes.

"Ah! I must speak to Mrs. Drainham about it," he said, with some impatience. "Good-bye for the moment. Will you dress, and be quite ready when I come back? and then we can have a talk about our start to-morrow, and all our arrangements. I am sure if you are to be ready in time there is not a moment to lose."

Ready in time! The words seemed to echo about poor Innocent's ears when he

was gone. Ready for what? For going out with him in the evening to the house of the lady who found fault with her; who had come to her and talked so much, that the girl neither tried nor wished to understand. Ready! She sat and tried to think what it meant. She had but the black frock she wore—no other—with its little black frill of crape about her neck; no edge of white, such as people wear in England. She could smooth her hair, and put on a locket, or her mother's brooch; but that was all she could do. The packing she never thought of. Niccolo had been nurse and valet combined. He had always arranged everything, and told her what to do. She sat for a long time quite still, pondering over the morning with a strange happiness, and a still stranger poignant pain in her agitated breast. Then she rose, and putting her cloak round her—the poor cloak which she was afraid *he* had despised—she went down the long stairs and across the road to the tiny little church upon the edge of the Arno. Nobody who has been in Pisa will forget Santa Maria della Spina. I do not know whether its tiny size took the girl's fancy, or if the richness of the elaborate architecture pleased her, for she had no such clearly developed ideas about art as her relations in England gave her credit for. Perhaps after all it was but a child's fancy for the dim, decorated religious place, which, notwithstanding its mystery and silence, and the awe which hung about it, was not so big as the great bare *salone* in which she sat at home. She went in, crossing herself according to the custom which she had seen all her life, mechanically, without any thought of the meaning of that sign, and held out her hand to give the holy water to a peasant woman who entered along with her, mechanically too, as she might have offered any habitual courtesy. This poor girl had scarcely been taught anything, except what her eyes taught her. She went in, according to her custom, and knelt for a minute on a chair, and then, turning it round, sat down with her face to the altar. I think what she said under her breath was simply the Lord's Prayer, nothing more. It was very brief and mechanical too, and when she sat down I cannot pretend that her thoughts were of a religious kind. They were possessed by the occurrences of the morning. Her heart was in a tumult, rising and falling like the waves of the sea. The dead stillness with which the day before she had sat in the same

place, full of a certain dumb, wistful quiet — almost stupor of mind, had passed away from her. Life had come along with the new living figure which had placed itself in the foreground of her picture. Her heart beat with the vibration of her first strange childish happiness at the sight of her cousin, but in the very midst of this there came a sting of sharp wonder and pain, that acute surprised disappointment which women are apt to feel when the man whose company they themselves prefer to everything shows himself capable of going away from them, and preferring some kind of pleasure separate from them to that which can be had in their society. "If he was glad to find me, if he came so far for me, why could not he have stayed with me?" Innocent was not sufficiently advanced either in intellectual or emotional life to put such a question into words, but it was vaguely in her mind, filling her in her childish inexperience with a pain almost as great as the new pleasure which had come with her new friend. The morning masses were all over; there was no service going on, no candles lighted upon the altar, which glimmered with all its tall white tapers through the gloom. Everything was silent; now and then a half seen figure stealing in, dropping down to say a prayer or two, and with mysterious genuflection gliding away again. A few people, like Innocent, sat in different corners quite still, with their eyes towards the altar; they were chiefly old people, worn old women and benumbed old men, doing nothing, perhaps thinking nothing, glad only like the forlorn child, of the peacefulness, the stillness, the religiousness about. Here and there was one, who, with clasped hands and rapt face, gazed up at some dark picture on the wall, and "wrestled" like Jacob; but the most part showed little emotion of any kind; they found a shelter perhaps for their confused thoughts, perhaps only for the torpor of their worn-out faculties. But anyhow, they were the better for being there, and so was Innocent. She sat quite still for a long time, rather the subject of her thoughts than exercising any control over them, and then she turned her chair round again and knelt and said the Lord's Prayer, and went away.

She went to Mrs. Drainham's with her cousin as mechanically as she had said her prayers. Her appearance was strange

enough on that strange evening, which she passed as in a dream. With an idea that ornament was necessary, and perhaps not without some pleasure in the novelty of having the little morocco box full of trinkets, which her father had always kept in his own hands, handed over to her keeping, she had put on a trinket which took her fancy, and which was attached to a little chain. It was a very brilliant ornament indeed, set with emeralds and rubies, in a quaint design, the background of which was formed by small diamonds. The effect of this upon her very simple black frock may be conceived. Mrs. Drainham was scandalized, yet impressed. Impossible not to look upon a girl possessed of such a jewel with some additional respect — and yet the impropriety, the unappropriateness of wearing it at such a time was almost "past speaking of," Mrs. Drainham felt.

"You should wear nothing but jet ornaments with such deep mourning," she said. "A plain gold locket might have done if you have no jet; but this, my dear, is quite out of character. You must try and recollect these things when you go among your relations. They will wonder that you know so little. They might perhaps think it heartless of you. Was it your mother's? It is very pretty. You must take great care of such an ornament as this; but you must be sure never to wear it when you are in mourning." This was said when she was alone in the drawing-room with Innocent after dinner. And then she, too, began to inquire into the packing and the wraps for the journey. She gave Innocent a great deal of advice, which I fear was quite lost upon her, and offered to go next day to "see to" her preparations. The girl sat much as she had sat in the Church of the Spina, with her hands crossed on her lap, listening vaguely. She did not know what to say, and her attention wandered often, as the stream of counsel flowed on. She had done no packing still, and had no idea what to do about the wraps; and Frederick scarcely seemed to belong to her, in this strange room, where she sat in a kind of waking dream, ashamed of her poor frock, ashamed of her rich jewel, not knowing what to make of herself. Poor little Innocent! perhaps, on the whole, in this new rush of emotions that filled her, there was rather less pleasure than pain.

From Chambers' Journal.  
SHORT SPEECHES AND CURT CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEN people are driven half distracted with long speeches in and out of Parliament, and sigh for brevity, it is delightful to call up recollections of the possibility of saying much to the point in few words. We sometimes wish that our accomplished legislators would take a lesson from the first speech of the Maori member of the New Zealand General Assembly: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my cow at Wangunui. I have done." This was sufficiently brief; but perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who, having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?" In a similar strain, Peggy Potts, a fish-dealer, made her début as a public speaker on the opening of a new fish-market at Sunderland, and, considering all things, did not acquit herself badly, for this was her speech: "God bless our fishermen, pilots, and sailors, and when they return from the deep waters may they reach the port in safety. God bless

our working-men, and may they have plenty of work and good wages to buy fish and support their families. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the royal family. God save the Queen!"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A more modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in a good cause may be cited. M. Dupanloup, the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, preaching in behalf of the distressed workmen of Rouen, contented himself with saying: "This is no time for long sermons, but for good works. You are all acquainted with the calamities of those whose cause I have come this day to plead. Once upon a time a king, whose name is still cherished by us, said to his companions-in-arms, on whom he thought with reason he could rely: 'My good friends, I am your king; you are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy; let us march!' I will not address you in other words to-day than these. I am your bishop; you are Christians. Yonder are, not our enemies, but our brethren who suffer. Let us flee to their succour!" The result was the collection of more than six hundred pounds. Edwin, a once popular English actor, is credited with the authorship of one of the briefest of sermons, his text being: "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards."—"I shall consider this discourse under three heads. First, man's ingress into the world; secondly, man's progress through the world; thirdly, man's egress out of the world; and

First—Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare.

Secondly—His progress through the world is trouble and care.

Lastly—His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.

If we do well here, we shall do well there; I can tell you no more if I preach for a year."

The last time Justice Foster went the Oxford circuit he dismissed the grand-jurymen to their work with: "Gentlemen—The weather is extremely hot; I am very old, and you are well acquainted with your duty—practise it!" Equally curt, if not quite so courteous, was the



Irish judge, who, after his two brethren had delivered opposite judgments at great length, said: "It is now my turn to declare my view of the case, and fortunately I can be brief. I agree with my brother J—, from the irresistible force of my brother B—'s arguments." In an action for slander, Justice Cresswell put the case to the jury in the emphatic words: "Gentlemen—The defendant's a foul-mouthed fellow. What damages?"—an example of judicial brevity only to be matched by Baron Alderson's address to a convicted prisoner who prayed that God might strike him dead where he stood if he were not innocent. After a moment's silence, the judge sternly and coldly said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not interposed in behalf of society, the sentence of the court is, that you be transported for the term of twenty years." An American judge once intervened in an odd way to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked: "What is the amount in question?" "Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel. "I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money: "call the next case." He had not the patience of taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "The act is repealed."

An inquisitive French bishop once caught a Tartar in the Duke de Roquelaure. The latter, passing in haste through Lyon, was hailed by the bishop with: "Hi! hi!" The duke stopped. "Where have you come from?" inquired the prelate. "Paris," said the duke. "What is there fresh in Paris?" "Green peas." "But what were the people saying when you left?" "Vespers," "Goodness, man," broke out the angry questioner, "who are you? What are you called?" "Ignorant people call me Hi! Hi! gentlemen term me the Duke de Roquelaure.—Drive on, postillion!" One morning a woman was shewn into Dr. Abernethy's room; before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying: "Burn." "A poultice," said the doctor. Next day she called again, shewed her arm, and said: "Better." "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again; then she said: "Well, your fee?" "Nothing," quoth the great medico: "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!" Lord

Aberdeen, the premier of the Coalition Ministry, was remarkable for the little use he made of his tongue. When, by way of reconciling him to accompany her on a sea-trip, the Queen smilingly observed: "I believe, my lord, you are not often sea-sick?" "Always, madam," was the brief but significant reply. "But," said her Majesty, "not very sea-sick?" "Very, madam," said the uncompromising minister. Wellington, we need hardly say, was not given to use too many words. One example of his economy this way will suffice. The Duke wrote to Dr. Hutton for information as to the scientific acquirements of a young officer who had been under his instruction. The doctor thought he could not do less than answer the question verbally, and made an appointment accordingly. Directly Wellington saw him, he said: "I am obliged to you, doctor, for the trouble you have taken. Is — fit for the post?" Clearing his throat, Dr. Hutton began: "No man more so, my lord; I can —" "That's quite sufficient," said Wellington: "I know how valuable your time is; mine just now is equally so. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning!"

Naturally, men of action are generally men of few words. Cæsar was not the only commander capable of announcing a victory briefly. Marlborough's Blenheim despatch would not fill a third of a newspaper column. Suvaroff's despatch to the empress was in rhyme, and has been translated: "Glory to God, glory to you. The fortress is taken; I am here." This was excelled in brevity by the Hungarian general's announcement of his defeat of Jellachich, the Ban of the Croats, which, put into English, was simply: "Bem beat Ban." Admiral Walton's famous "per margin" despatch has its pendant in Hawke's "I have given the French a good drubbing;" and Napier's punning "Peccavi," its fellow in Colin Campbell's "I am in luck now!" although we must own to having doubts as to the authenticity of one of these.

Butler pronounced brevity to be good, whether we are or are not understood; a dictum that capital letter-writer Mrs. Ciber, of histrionic fame, did not accept, for writing to Garrick, she excuses her prolixity, saying: "If I attempted to be laconic, I must either omit what I wanted to say, or run the risk of expressing myself so as not to be understood; besides, my mother taught me, when very young, that the farthest way about was the nearest way home, and you see the force of

education!" Some theatrical celebrities managed, nevertheless, to be both brief and intelligible. When Knight, by advice of an admirer, offered his professional services to Tate Wilkinson, the manager replied: "SIR—I am not acquainted with any Mr. Phillips except a Quaker, and he is the last man in the world to recommend an actor to my theatre; I don't want you." Knight retorted: "I should as soon think of applying to a Methodist parson to preach for my benefit, as to a Quaker to recommend me to Mr. Wilkinson; I don't want to come." Twelve months after, the comedian received another epistle: "Mr. Methodist Parson, I have a living that produces twenty-five shillings a week: will you hold forth?—T. W." And the pair made a bargain of it. Some of these epistolary crackers are very amusing. Lord Berkeley wishing to apprise the Duke of Dorset of his changed condition, wrote: "DEAR DORSET—I have just been married, and am the happiest dog alive.—BERKELEY." His interesting news being acknowledged with: "DEAR BERKELEY—Every dog has his day.—DORSET." Mr. Kendall, sometime Uncle Sam's Postmaster-general, wanting some information as to the source of a river, sent the following note to a village postmaster: "SIR—This department desires to know how far the Tombigbee river runs up?—Respectfully yours, &c." By return mail came: "SIR—The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down.—Very respectfully yours, &c." Kendall not appreciating his subordinate's humour, wrote again: "SIR—Your appointment as postmaster is revoked; you will turn over the funds, &c. pertaining to your office to your successor." Not at all disturbed by his summary dismissal, the postmaster replied: "SIR—the revenues for this office for the quarter ending September 30 have been 95 cents; its expenditure, same period, for tallow-candles and twine, 1.05 dollars. I trust my successor is instructed to adjust the balance." His superior officer was probably as much disgusted with his precise correspondent as the American editor who, writing to a Connecticut brother: "Send full particulars of the flood"—meaning an inundation at that place—received for reply: "You will find them in *Genesis*." A good specimen of Yankee brevity is the order received by a commissariat officer named Brown from a Colonel Boyd, which could scarcely have been couched in fewer words than: "Brown—beef—Boyd."

the colonel receiving his supplies with a note running: "Boyd—beef—Brown."

Talleyrand acknowledged a pathetic letter from a lady friend announcing her widowhood, with a note of two words: "Hélas! madame!" And when the easily consoled dame wrote not very long afterwards soliciting his influence on behalf of an officer she was about to marry, he merely replied "Ho! ho! madame!" More satisfactory to the recipient was Lord Eldon's note to his friend Dr. Fisher of the Charterhouse: "DEAR FISHER—I cannot, to-day, give you the preferment for which you ask.—Your sincere friend.—ELDON. (*Turn over*)—I gave it you yesterday." Pleasant to all parties concerned was the correspondence between the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Cork: "DEAR CORK—Please ordain Stanhope.—YORK." "DEAR YORK—Stanhope is ordained.—CORK."

When a member of Lord North's administration, Fox one night took the liberty of walking into one lobby while his chief went into the other. As he sat on the ministerial bench the next evening, one of the door-keepers handed him a note. Upon opening it, the rebellious politician read: "SIR—His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not find the name of Charles James Fox.—NORTH." Not more agreeable to the recipient was Henry Drummond's answer to a letter asking him to join the advocates of the Maine Liquor Law: "SIR—I think the Maine Liquor Law perfectly detestable, and will do my best to prevent its being adopted here. Yours, H. DRUMMOND." As a rule, a man with a grievance is too proud of his wrongs to be laconic, but here is an exception to the rule. "SIR—I was a lieutenant with General Stanhope when he took Minorca in 1708, for which he was made a lord. I was a lieutenant with General Blakeney when he lost Minorca in 1756, for which he was made a lord. I am a lieutenant still!" Surely such an appeal ought to have proved resistless, almost as resistless as that of the dying dramatist: "DEAR BOB—I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moments of his life thine.—G. FARQUHAR."

Bob Johnson the jockey, noted in turf annals by his connection with the famous mare *Beeswing*, was as chary of his words

as his master was of his money. Having to write to Mr. Ord to let him know how things were going on at home, Bob compressed his information into the smallest possible compass: "SIR—The meer's weel; I'm weel; we're all weel.—ROBERT JOHNSON." A pretty connubial effusion was that of the French lady: "I write to you because I have nothing to do, I end my letter because I have nothing to say." Not so pretty the note chalked upon a tea-tray by a woman who hanged herself after a tiff with her husband: "DEAR JIM—You have driven me to do this little affair. Be good to the dog, and ask Mrs. L. to be kind to the birds."

An American paper, the organ of female rights and free-love, says in one of its issues: "On Monday, April 10, five hundred barrels of Cincinnati whiskey were landed on the levee in Louisville. On Wednesday the 12th, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* appeared without a line of editorial." This suggests a new argument in favour of brevity, for with a little care a man might slander folks to his heart's content with perfect impunity, for such libels by inference would scarcely be actionable. The laconic is just now in favour with transatlantic journalists, who have a knack of making fun out of very serious matters.—A circus-rider in Texas tried to turn three somersaults on horseback; the manager sent to New Orleans the following day for another somersault man.—A man warned his wife in New Orleans not to light the fire with kerosene; her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well.—Few men would attempt to dry gunpowder in the kitchen stove; a man in Canada did. His afflicted family would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts.—A boy in Detroit disregarded his mother's warning not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin; his mother don't have to cook for so many as she did by one.—In Massachusetts, the other day, a man thought he could cross the track in advance of the locomotive: the services at the grave were impressive.

Were this style of reporting to become naturalized here, the penny-a-liner's vocation would be gone. Perhaps we should be none the worse off for that; we might well spare the sickening details of "frightful accidents" and dreadful crimes, and who knows but suicides might cease to be every-day occurrences if they were chronicled thus: "John Smith, of New York, revolver. Annie

Jones, of New Jersey, laudanum. G. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, third-story window."

From The Spectator.

#### LORD LYTTON ON THE AGE OF MURDERERS.

IN Lord Lytton's last novel, he introduces some curious remarks on the age of murderers, *à propos* of the conjecture that Macbeth ought to be imagined as not more than twenty-eight when he murdered Duncan. It belongs to youth, he says, to begin the habit of miscalculating its own power in relation to the society in which you live and this habit unless begun in youth, is rarely begun later. But we will give the whole passage:—

"Do you think Macbeth was young when he murdered Duncan?" "Certainly. No man ever commits a first crime of violent nature, such as murder, after thirty; if he begins before, he may go on up to any age. But youth is the season for commencing those wrong calculations which belong to irrational hope and the sense of physical power. You thus read in the newspapers that the persons who murder their sweethearts are generally from two to six-and-twenty; and persons who murder from other motives than love—that is, from revenge, avarice, or ambition—are generally about twenty-eight—Iago's age. Twenty-eight is the usual close of the active season for getting rid of one's fellow-creatures—a prize-fighter falls off after that age. I take it that Macbeth was about twenty-eight when he murdered Duncan, and from about fifty-four to sixty when he began to whine about missing the comforts of old age. But can any audience understand that difference of years in seeing a three-hours' play; or does any actor ever pretend to impress it on the audience, and appear at twenty-eight in the first act and as a sexagenarian in the fifth?"

We take it that Lord Lytton never made a greater mistake than in the abstract conclusion he thus formed. No doubt it is true that passionate murders, murders of women by their lovers, committed in violent transports of jealousy, are usually committed young; but then that is not due to the miscalculation of individual power as regards the rest of the world, but to absence of all calculation—to the blinding and absorbing heat of a passion that turns the perpetrators of these deeds into something like mere automatons worked for the moment by a spasm of jealousy or despair. Far from sharing Lord Lytton's view as to Macbeth, we feel little doubt that Shakespeare

attributed the ambitious crime of Macbeth to a much more mature age than it pleased Lord Lytton to suggest. It is impossible to suppose, if we study the context, that there is any considerable interval of time between the murder of Duncan and that of Banquo. In the scene describing the plot for the murder of Banquo, Macbeth speaks of Duncan's sons as having just reached England and Ireland, whither they fled on the morrow of Duncan's murder, so that a few weeks at most must be supposed to have intervened. Yet it is in the scene in which Banquo's ghost appears that Lady Macbeth excuses her husband to his guests for his delirious talk, as follows : —

Sit, worthy friends; my Lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth.

— a form of expression certainly not easily implying that Macbeth was still in his youth. Add to this Lady Macbeth's language in encouraging her husband to the murder, and we have additional evidence that the time of a mother's cares was to her imagination in the past : —

I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless  
gums  
And dashed his brains out, had I so sworn  
As you have done to this.

A young mother could hardly have spoken in that way. We cannot help thinking, from both Macbeth's and Lady Macbeth's language, that Shakespeare intended to place them in the epoch, not of youthful passion, but of hard ambition,—in middle life. And again, would Lord Lytton have attributed to Shakespeare the intention to make Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, a young man under thirty when he contrived his brother's death? Surely no hypothesis could be less like Shakespeare's picture.

But to leave the world of dramatic fiction, which is important only because Shakespeare's knowledge of men was so marvellous that what he represents is sure to have a basis of fact beneath it, is it true that the more remarkable of real murders,—murders committed not in sudden passion, but from ambitious or other calculations, like those of Macbeth and Hamlet's uncle Claudius,—have been committed by the young? Certainly in the case of women it has almost always been otherwise, though Constance Kent was a remarkable instance to the contrary. Both the women who have attained a horrible notoriety this year for the number

and cold calculation of their poisonings— Lydia Sherman in America, and Mary Anne Cotton in England—were mature women, who did not begin to think of such crimes till near the age of forty, or beyond it. The Countess de Brinvilliers and her accomplice Gaudin de St. Croix were apparently both over thirty-five when they begun their career as poisoners. And a German poisoner as notorious as any of them, Anna Maria Zwanziger, whose strange series of crimes, trial, and confession Lady Duff Gordon narrated in her "Remarkable Criminal Trials," some twenty-seven ago, was nearly fifty when she began to revel in the power which poison gave her over human life. Indeed, if Lord Lytton had had Lady Duff Gordon's volume before him, he would have seen that among the more remarkable murders, murders of calculation like both Macbeth's and that of the King in "Hamlet," it is very rare, instead of very common, to find the murderers young. Anna Maria Zwanziger,—who is sometimes called the German Brinvilliers,—confessed to the Judge that her death was fortunate for mankind, as it would have been impossible for her to discontinue her practice of poisoning, so much did she revel in the power she felt it gave her; and we suspect that Lydia Sherman and Mary Anne Cotton, and probably Catherine Wilson, the poisoner of some ten years or so back, and Christina Edmunds, the Brighton poisoner of last year,—none of them in their youth,—might have said the same; indeed it is hardly possible to conceive that a very young woman could have felt this frightful pleasure in the wielding of an evil power of destruction,—if for no better reason because other and more natural hopes and pleasures would keep their attraction till the season of youth had passed. Then take the more serious murders of deliberation. Certainly Sandt, the German student who murdered Kotzebue, was a lad; and Ravillac, who murdered Henri IV., was only 31, a little over Lord Lytton's age; but Felton, the murderer of Buckingham, seems to have been a mature man; Louvel, the murderer of the Duc de Berri in 1820, was 37; Guy Fawkes was 35; and in our own time, Orsini, who attempted the life of the late Emperor of the French, was 39.

The ages of men who first engage in calculated crimes of violence range, no doubt, lower than that of women, for the obvious reason that women's strongest instrument in working for even the same class of ends is, while young, a different

one, that of persuasion, and that they are only likely to have recourse to violence when their chief engine fails them. But in any case, Lord Lytton's analysis of the reason for the youth of murderers fails, and it is to that we wish to draw attention. It is not the experience of maturity, of the great power of the world and the little power of the individual, which deters from calculated violence, but more often, one might say, the sense of being utterly baffled which that experience engenders in a self-willed mind whereon some one desire has fastened a firm hold, that most often leads to it. It is far less "irrational hope and the sense of physical power," than rational fear and the sense of moral incapacity which precipitate men who have once fixed their desires in a particular groove into this desperate last resource. Scott's Balfour of Burley is an admirable type of the higher kind of murderous resolve of this sort,—the kind due to a grim tenacity of purpose which cannot deny itself the satisfaction of a violent collision with all laws human or divine that seem to balk its purposes. There is an element of desperation, rather than of over-sanguine, over-youthful hope in almost every calculating murder,—though, as in *Macbeth's* case, there may be a sense of predestination, too. Evidently neither he nor his wife believed that the witches' prophecy could fulfil itself without their own aid. The prophecy suggested to them that the murder of Duncan was the only possible path to the throne, and whetted their ambition for it; but the conviction that it would be quite impossible for the preternatural prediction to be fulfilled without their help, was akin rather to desperation, than to "irrational hope and the sense of physical power." The great calculated murders have far oftener sprung out of the savage and brutal despair of ambitious, but only too much experienced self-will, driven back upon itself, and fully conscious of its want of living resource, than out of the glowing audacity and excessive hopefulness of youth. Count Guido, in Mr. Browning's "*Ring and the Book*,"—a character painted not from imagination, but from history, and after a most careful study of the real pleadings of a real trial,—is a perfect type of murderers on calculation; and Count Guido is middle-aged, nearly fifty, and his crime is essentially the crime of middle age,—the crime not of flowing but of ebbing life, of resource failing and hate growing at the expense of life. He himself speaks of his

failing sense of life as the warning which first precipitated him into the plot that ended in the murder:—

Brief, one day I felt  
The tick of time inside me, turning-point,  
And slight sense there was now enough of  
this,—  
That I was near my seventh climacteric  
Hard upon, if not over, the middle of life.

And how does the poet describe his murderous temper? In words carefully chosen to express most eloquently not fullness, but starvation of soul; not irrational hope and the sense of physical power, but the very destructiveness of a sort of spiritual death:—

And thus I see him slowly and surely edged  
Off all the table-land whence life upsprings  
Aspiring to be immortality,  
As the snake hatched on hill-top by mischance,  
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders  
down  
Hill-side, lies low and prostrate on the smooth  
Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale:  
So I lose Guido in the loneliness,  
Silence and dusk, till at the doleful end,  
At the horizontal line, creation's verge  
From what just is to absolute nothingness,—  
Lo! what is this he meets, strains onward still?  
What other man deep further in the fate,  
Who, turning at the prize of a footfall,  
To flatter him and promise fellowship,  
Discovers in the act a frightful face,—  
Judas made monstrous by much solitude! . . .  
There let them grapple, denizens of the dark,  
Foes or friends, but indissolubly bound,  
In their one spot out of the ken of God  
Or care of man, for ever and ever more!

That surely is a much truer picture of the typical murderer than any other which modern poetry has given us. And it is a picture which, contrary to Lord Lytton's theory, makes such murder to spring out of the selfish and wilful desperateness which can hardly come till middle-age even to the worst man, and which has no part or share in the sanguine temper and hopeful audacity of youth.

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From The Saturday Review.  
RELIGIOUS CORPORATIONS IN ROME.

THE Italian Government has now held possession of Rome for two years and a half, and if its new conquest has given it some trouble, it has given it much less trouble than might have been expected. After Sedan and the establishment of the French Republic, there was no difficulty in the way of the occupation of Rome; but it is only because things have gone



smoothly with Italy lately that we conceal from ourselves how many embarrassments the occupation might have entailed. Italy is the luckiest of nations. It has thriven by the blunders and misfortunes of others, as well as by its own audacity and good sense. If a danger threatens it, something is sure to happen, which no one could have expected, to save it. The Pope never lets his quarrel sleep for an instant, and the Pope might have made himself very unpleasant to Italy if he had but had any external support. But while Germany kept down France and Austria so as to make them unable, if they had really been willing, to befriend the Pope, the policy of the Pope suddenly took the form of extreme hostility to Germany. As Prince Bismarck lately said, it formed no part of the Imperial plan that Germany should become the ally of Italy against the Papacy. Italy had not been disposed to court the favour of Germany during the war. The King was desirous of sending his troops to aid the French, and although his Ministers had sense enough to stop the perpetration of so fatal a blunder, they did not, or could not, prevent Garibaldi from going to kill as many Germans as he could lay hands on, in the name of the Universal Republic. The new German Empire cared for nothing except to consolidate its unity; and Prussia had for years been on the best terms with Rome, and had made every possible concession so as to avoid any opposition on the part of its Catholic provinces to the central Government. Prince Bismarck did not want to have the Rhine provinces stirred to disaffection, intrigues revived in Polish districts, and religious differences set blazing to scare Southern from Northern Germany. If the Pope had been willing, he might have had very good friends and protectors at Berlin; and although force of arms would not probably have been used to turn the Italians out of Rome, yet the Pope in all the disputes which the occupation of Rome has excited would have had a backing which the Italians could not have afforded to disregard. Most fortunately for Italy the Pope chose to quarrel with Germany, and the Ultramontane party set itself to revenge 1870 by the disruption of German unity. The consequence has been that Italy has not been hampered in dealing with the Pope by any external difficulties. It has been at liberty to take its own course, and its course has been to treat the Pope respectfully and kindly, to care little for abuse and calumny and

curses, and gradually to establish in the minds of friends and foes the fact that Rome is now a part of Italy, that Italian law must prevail there, and that when the interests of Italy at Rome and the interests of the religious body or hierarchy conflict, the former are to prevail. Whether the decision to make Rome the capital of Italy was wise or not, whether the physical evils of the place and neighbourhood can be surmounted, and whether the population of Rome is suited to form the material in which the centre of Government resides, are questions which cannot properly be answered for years to come. But there can be no doubt that Italy has derived one immediate advantage from the transfer of the capital to Rome. There has been no choice but to fight boldly with the pretensions of the Papacy, and to carry out the doctrines of modern Italian policy to their legitimate conclusions. If Rome had been subjected to the authority of the King, but had been left as a city apart, following its own customs and virtually governed by its own laws, while Florence engrossed the national attention, there would have always been a non-Italian spot in the midst of Italy. Being fixed at Rome, the Legislature has had no option but to resolve that in coming there it shall be found to have brought Italy with it.

Italy has been for centuries the home of ecclesiasticism in all its forms, and religious bodies of many kinds have nestled and flourished there. The statesmen of modern Italy had at an early date after the establishment of the Kingdom to consider how they would deal with these religious bodies, and they gradually worked out three propositions. The first was that the buildings destined for the use of such bodies must be held to be as much liable to be expropriated and applied to purposes of public utility as any other buildings. The second was that religious bodies must not be allowed to hold land, as the resources of the country were wasted, and the population encouraged to live under subjection to masters possessed by a spirit alien to that of modern society. The third was that religious bodies must, in order to be allowed to exist at all, have some recognizable character of practical utility. They must not be merely collections of persons retiring from the world to lead a saintly life. When the Italians got hold of Rome, they naturally found a very vast field for the application of these principles. Rome is ill built, ill drained, very dirty, and very

inconvenient. If it was to be improved, many of the buildings belonging to religious corporations must disappear in order to let in light and air, and to make new streets possible, and to give accommodation to the legion of national officials. A large portion of the district round Rome is held by these corporations, and they possess much urban property. The number of persons leading a purely monastic life is of course considerable in the capital of Catholicism. The Italian Government had, however, no hesitation in applying its principles to all Roman religious corporations that were of a merely local character, assemblages of persons who are now Italians settled on what is now Italian soil. But many of the religious corporations of Rome consisted of foreigners, had been founded by foreigners, and formed the chief machinery by which foreign adherents of the Pope associated themselves with the life and work of the head of their faith. How to treat these foreign corporations was a puzzle which for a year baffled the wits of the Ministry, and at last they could arrive at nothing better, in proposing a Bill to Parliament, than an enactment that during two years the corporations should be at liberty to make proposals to the Government, and, if those proposals were not satisfactory, then that the Government should be at liberty to negotiate on the subject with the foreign Governments interested. A Commission was appointed by the Chamber to consider this Bill, and it is only after the lapse of some months that the Commission has been able to arrive at a conclusion. Those who served on it have had the merit of really thinking over the matter which they had in hand. The Commission could not satisfy itself with the vague and timid proposal of the Government. It asked itself what was the basis on which the Italian Parliament proposed to deal with these corporations at all. This basis was that these corporations were established on Italian soil, possessed Italian lands as their property, and formed part of Italian society. No foreign Government could have a right to say that any of its subjects were entitled to live on Italian soil, hold Italian lands, and form a part of Italian society, if they thereby prejudiced the interests or evaded the law of Italy. The Commission, therefore, decided that the bold line was the only line that could be taken, and that foreign Governments must be held to have no claim to negotiate with Italy as to these corporations. It will be ad-

visible to correspond with the Governments interested in the subject, but this ought to be done unofficially, and merely as an act of courtesy. The corporations are to be dispossessed of their buildings if public utility so requires. Their lands are to be sold, and they are to hold the proceeds invested in the funds; and they are to have two years in which to make proposals to the Government as to the purposes which they are henceforth to serve, and the rules to which they are to be subjected. If these proposals are not satisfactory, the Government will, at the end of two years, have power to make schemes for them.

These recommendations of the Commission are bold and logical, but statesmen have got to think of something else than of being bold and logical. They have to think of safety and prudence, and of not running their country into dangers greater than those from which boldness and logic propose to relieve it. The irresolution of the Italian Government arose, not from their hesitation as to what they would like to do, but from their hesitation as to what they could dare to do. Would foreign Governments be disposed to allow that Rome was merely an Italian city like any other, and that a new body of law should be imposed on their subjects who had for generations been encouraged to hold a position in harmony with a totally different system? It is certain that unconquered France, even if the original ideas of the late Emperor had been carried out, and the Italians had been permitted to occupy Rome, would never have tolerated the treatment which the Commission wishes to see applied to these corporations. Even now it is nothing but the quarrel of the Pope with Prince Bismarck that gives the Italians a chance of uniting safety with boldness and logic. A year ago Italian statesmen might well hesitate, for they could not tell how far this quarrel would proceed. Even a few months or a few weeks ago it was not easy to say whether domestic opposition might not cripple the action of Prince Bismarck. The Commission has the advantage of making its Report at a moment when it is known that the policy of Prince Bismarck has been successful, that he has made the Prussian House of Lords bow before his will, and accept the ecclesiastical changes he has proposed; and that the nature of these changes is such as to make it impossible that there can be a reconciliation between Germany and Rome.